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Selections.

CARL SCHURZ IN FANEUIL HALL.

[On the evening of April 18th, CARL SCHURZ, the noble German orator and statesman, from Wisconsin, delivered, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, an address which Mr. Garrison pronounces, "with one or two exceptions, the most eloquent that has been made in that place for fifty years." E. L. Pierce, Esq., in calling the meeting to order, said it was "fitting that a distinguished representative of the men of German birth, a countryman of Baron de Steuben and Charles Follen, having performed honorable service in his native and in his adopted country, with the dust of a hard-fought contest in the sister State of Wisconsin and the garlands of victory upon him, should receive a hospitable greeting in Massachusetts and in Faneuil Hall." Senator Wilson presided and introduced the speaker in fitting terms, giving a brief history of his toils and sacrifices in behalf of freedom in Fatherland. We give extracts from Mr. Schurz's speech.]

A FEW days ago, I stood on the cupola of your State-House, and overlooked for the first time this venerable city, and the country surrounding it. Then the streets, and hills, and waters around me, began to teem with the life of historical recollections, recollections dear to all mankind, and a feeling of pride arose in my heart, and I said to myself, I, too, am an American citizen (applause). There was Bunker Hill, there Charlestown, Lexington and Dorchester Heights, not far off; there the harbor into which the British tea was sunk; there the place where the old liberty-tree stood; there John Hancock's house; there Benjamin Franklin's birth-place—and now I stand in this grand old hall, which so often resounded with the noblest appeals that ever thrilled American hearts, and where I am almost afraid to hear the echo of my own feeble voice. Oh, sir, no man that loves liberty, wherever he may have first seen the light of day, can fail on this sacred spot to pay his tribute to Americanism. And here, with all these glorious memories crowding upon my heart, I will offer mine. I, born in a foreign land, pay my tribute to Americanism? Yes, for to me the word Americanism, *true* Americanism, comprehends the noblest ideas which ever swelled a human heart with noble pride (applause).

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The Anglo Saxon spirit has been the locomotive of progress (applause); but do not forget that this locomotive would be of little use to the world if it refused to draw its train over the iron highway, and carry its valuable freight toward its destination; that train consists of the vigorous elements of all nations; that freight is the vital ideas of our age; that destination is universal freedom and the ideal development of man (cheers). That is the true greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race; that ought to be the source of Anglo-Saxon pride. I esteem the son who is proud of his father, if, at the same time, he is worthy of him.

Thus, I say, was founded the colony of free humanity on virgin soil. The youthful elements, which constitute the people of the new world, cannot submit to rules which are not of their own making; they must throw off the fetters which bind them to an old decrepit order of things. They resolve to enter the great family of nations as an independent member. And in the colony of free humanity, whose mother-country is the world, they establish *the republic of equal rights, where the title of manhood is the title to citizenship* (applause). Oh, my friends, if I had a thousand tongues, and a voice strong as the thunder of heaven, they would not be sufficient to impress upon your minds forcibly enough the greatness of this idea, the overshadowing glory of this result. This was the dream of the truest friends of man from the beginning; for this the noblest blood of martyrs has been shed; for this has mankind waded through seas of blood and tears. There it is now; there stands the noble fabric in all the splendor of reality.

They speak of the greatness of the Roman Republic! Oh, sir, if I could call the proudest of Romans from his grave, I would take him by the hand and say to him, Look at this picture, and at this! The greatness of the Roman Republic consisted in its despotic rule over the world; the greatness of the American Republic consists in the secured right of man to govern himself (applause). The dignity of the Roman citizen consisted in his exclusive privileges; the dignity of the American citizen consists in his holding the natural rights of his neighbor just as sacred as his own (continued applause). The Roman Republic recognized and protected the *rights of the citizen*, at the same time disregarding and leaving unprotected the *rights of man*; Roman citizenship was founded upon monopoly, not upon the claims of human nature. What the citizen of Rome claimed for himself, he did not respect in others; his greatness was his only object; his own liberty, as he regarded it, gave him the privilege to oppress his fellow beings. His democracy, instead of elevating mankind to its own level, trampled the rights of man into the dust. The security of the Roman Republic, therefore, consisted in the power of the sword; the security of the American Republic rests in the equality of human rights (loud applause). The Roman Republic perished by the sword; the American Republic will stand as long as the equality of human rights remains inviolate (cheers). Which of the two Republics is greater, the Republic of the Roman or the Republic of *man*?

Sir, I wish the words of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created free and equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights," were inscribed upon every gate-post within the limits of this Republic. From this principle the Revolutionary Fathers derived their claim to independence; upon this they founded the institutions of this country, and the whole structure was to be the living incarnation of this idea. This principle contains the programme of our political existence. It is the most progressive, and, at the same time, the most conservative one; the most progressive, for it takes even the lowliest members of the human family out of their degradation, and inspires them with the elevating consciousness of equal human dignity; the most conservative, for it makes a common cause of individual rights (tumultuous applause). From the equality of rights springs identity of our highest interests; you cannot subvert your neighbor's rights without striking a dangerous blow at your own. And when the rights of one cannot be infringed without finding a ready defence in all others who defend their own rights in defending his, then, and only then, are the rights of all safe against the usurpations of governmental authority.

This general identity of interests is the only thing that can guarantee the stability of democratic institutions. Equality of rights, embodied in general self-government, is the great moral element of true Democracy; it is the only reliable safety-valve in the machinery of modern society. There is the solid foundation of our system of government; there is our mission; there is our greatness; there is our safety; there and nowhere else! This is true Americanism, and to this I pay the tribute of my devotion (long and loud applause).

Shall I point out to you the consequences of a deviation from this principle? Look at the slave States. There is a class of men who are deprived of their natural rights. But this is not the only deplorable feature of that peculiar organization of society. Equally deplorable is it that there is another class of men who keep the former in subjection. That there are slaves is bad; but almost worse is it that there are masters. Are not the masters freemen? No, sir! Where is their liberty of the press? Where is their liberty of speech? Where is the man among them who dares to advocate openly principles not in strict accordance with the ruling system? They speak of a Republican form of government, they speak of Democracy, but the despotic spirit of Slavery and mastership combined pervades their whole political life like a liquid poison. They do not dare to be free, lest the spirit of liberty become contagious. The system of slavery has enslaved them all, master as well as slave! (Applause; "true.") What is the cause of all this? It is that you cannot deny one class of society the full measure of their natural rights without imposing restraint upon your own liberty. If you want to be free, there is but one way; it is to guarantee an equally full measure of liberty to all your neighbors. There is no other.

True, there are difficulties connected with an organization of society founded upon the basis of equal rights. Nobody denies it. A large number of those who come to you from foreign lands are not as capable to take part in the administration of government as the man who was fortunate enough to drink the milk of liberty in his cradle. And certain religious denominations do, perhaps, nourish principles which are hardly in accordance with the doctrines of true democracy. There is a conglomeration on this continent of heterogeneous elements; there is a warfare of clashing interests and unruly aspirations; and with all this our democratic system gives rights to the ignorant, and power to the inexperienced. And the billows of passion will lash the sides of the ship, and the storm of party warfare will bend its masts, and the pusillanimous will cry out, "Master, master, we perish!" And the genius of true democracy will arise from his slumber, and rebuke the winds and the raging of the water, and say unto them, "Where is your faith?" Ay, where is the faith that led the fathers of this Republic to invite the weary and burdened of all nations to the enjoyment of equal rights? Where is that broad and generous confidence in the efficiency of true democratic institutions? Has the present generation forgotten that true democracy bears in itself the remedy for all the difficulties that may grow out of it?

It is an old dodge of the advocates of despotism, throughout the world, that the people who are not experienced in self-government are not fit for the exercise of self-government, and must first be educated under the rule of a superior authority. But at the same time the advocates of despotism will never offer them an opportunity to acquire experience in self-government, lest they suddenly become fit for its independent exercise. To this treacherous sophistry the fathers of this Republic opposed the noble doctrine that liberty is the best school for liberty, and that self-government cannot be learned but by practising it (loud applause). This, sir, is a truly American idea; this is true Americanism, and to this I pay the tribute of my devotion (cheers).

You object that some people do not understand their own interests? There is nothing that, in the course of time, will make man better understand his interests than the independent management of his own affairs on his own responsibility. You object that people are ignorant? There is no better schoolmaster in the world than self-government, independently exercised. You object that people have no just idea of their duties as citizens? There is no other source from which they can derive a just notion of their duties than the enjoyment of the rights from which they arise. You object that people are misled by their religious prejudices, and by the intrigues of the Roman Hierarchy? Since when have the enlightened citizens of this Republic lost their faith in the final invincibility of truth? Since when have they forgotten that if the Roman or any other Church plants the seed of superstition, Liberty sows broad-cast the seed of enlightenment? (Applause.) Do they no longer believe in the invincible spirit of inquiry, which characterizes the reformatory age? If the struggle be fair, can the victory be doubtful? As to religious fanaticism, it will prosper under oppression; it will feed on persecution; it will grow strong by proscription; but it is powerless against genuine democracy (applause). It may indulge in short-lived freaks of passion, or in wily intrigues, but it will die of itself, for its lungs are not adapted to breathe the atmosphere of liberty (prolonged applause). It is like the shark of the sea, drag him into the air, and the monster will perhaps struggle fearfully, and frighten timid people with the powerful blows of his tail, and the terrible array of his teeth; but leave him quietly to die and he will die (hearty applause). But engage with him in a hand to hand struggle, even then, and the last of his convulsions may fatally punish your rash attempt. Against fanaticism genuine democracy wields an irresistible weapon—it is *Toleration*. Toleration will not strike down the fanatic, but it will quietly and gently disarm him. But fight fanaticism *with* fanaticism, and you will restore it to its own congenial element. It is like Antæus, who gained strength when touching his native earth.

Whoever reads the history of this country calmly and thoroughly cannot but discover that religious liberty is slowly but steadily rooting out the elements of superstition, and even of prejudice. It has dissolved the war of sects, of which persecution was characteristic, into a contest of abstract opinions, which creates convictions without oppressing men. By recognizing perfect freedom of inquiry, it will engender among men of different belief that mutual respect of true convictions which makes inquiry earnest and discussion fair. It will recognize as supremely inviolable what Roger Williams, one of the most luminous stars of the American sky, called the sanctity of conscience. Read your history, and add the thousands and thousands of Romanists and their offspring together, who, from the first establishment of the colonies, gradually came to this country, and the sum will amount to many millions; compare that number with the number of Romanists who are now here, and you will find that millions are missing. Where are they? You did not kill them, you did not drive them away; they did not perish as the victims of persecution.

But where are they? The peaceable working of the great principles which called this Republic into existence has gradually and silently absorbed them. True Americanism, toleration, the equality of rights, has absorbed their prejudices, and will peaceably absorb everything that is not consistent with the victorious spirit of our institutions (cheers).

Oh, sir, there is a wonderful vitality in true democracy founded upon the equality of rights. There is an inexhaustible power of resistance in that system of government which makes the protection of individual rights a matter of common interest. If preserved in its purity, there is no warfare of opinions which can endanger it—there is no conspiracy of despotic aspirations that can destroy it. But if not preserved in its purity, there are dangers which only bliudness cannot see, and which only stubborn party prejudice will not see.

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Liberty, sir, is like a spirited housewife; she will have her whims, she will be somewhat unruly sometimes, and, like so many husbands, you cannot always have it all your own way. She may spoil your favorite dish sometimes; but will you therefore at once smash her china, break her kettles, and shut her out from the kitchen? Let her practise, let her try again and again, and even when she makes a mistake encourage her with a benignant smile, and your broth will be right after awhile (laughter). But meddle with her concerns, tease her, bore her, and your little squabbles, spirited as she is, will ultimately result in a divorce. What then? It is one of Jefferson's wisest words that "he would much rather be exposed to the inconveniences arising from too much liberty than to those arising from too small a degree of it" (immense applause). It is a matter of historical experience that nothing that is wrong in principle can be right in practice (sensation). People are apt to delude themselves on that point; but the ultimate result will always prove the truth of the maxim. A violation of equal rights can never serve to maintain institutions which are founded upon equal rights (loud applause). A contrary policy is not only pusillanimous and small, but it is senseless. It reminds me of the soldier who, for fear of being shot in battle, committed suicide on the march; or of the man who would cut off his foot because he had a corn on his toe (laughter). It is that ridiculous policy of premature despair, which commences to throw the freight overboard when there is a suspicious cloud in the sky.

Another danger for the safety of our institutions, and perhaps the most formidable one, arises from the general propensity of political parties and public men to act on a policy of mere expediency, and to sacrifice principle to local and temporary success (great sensation). And here, sir, let me address a solemn appeal to the consciences of those with whom I am proud to struggle side by side against human thraldom.

You hate kingcraft, and you would sacrifice your fortunes and your lives in order to prevent its establishment on the soil of this republic. But let me tell you that the rule of political parties which sacrifice principle to expediency is no less dangerous, no less disastrous, no less aggressive, of no less despotic a nature than the rule of monarchs.

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On the evening of the 2d day of November, 1855, there stood on this very platform a man, known and loved by every true son of Massachusetts, who, unmoved by the whirlwind of proscriptive movement howling around him, spoke the following words:

"It is proposed to attaint men for their religion, and also for their birth. If this object can prevail, vain are the triumphs of civil freedom in its many hard-fought fields; vain is that religious toleration which we all profess. The fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Inquisition, the proscription of non-conformists, may all be revived. Slowly among the struggling sects was evolved the great idea of the equality of all men before the law, without regard to religious belief; nor can any party now organize a proscription merely for religious (and I may add political) belief, without calling in question this unquestionable principle."

The man who said so was Charles Sumner (long-continued applause and three hearty cheers for Charles Sumner). Then the day was not far off when suddenly the whole country was startled by the incredible news that his noble head had drooped under the murderous blows of a Southern fanatic, and that his warm blood had covered the floor of the Senate chamber—the noblest sprinkling that ever fertilized a barren soil (laughter and applause). And now I tell you, when he lay on the lounge of the ante-chamber, his anxious friends busy around him, and his cowardly murderers slinking away—if at that solemn moment the first question addressed to his slowly returning senses had been, Shall those who support your dastardly assailants with their votes be deprived of their suffrage? he would have raised his bleeding head, and, with the fire of indignation kindling in his dim eye, he would have answered: "No! In the name of my country, no! For the honor of Massachusetts, no! For the name of the principles for which my blood is flowing, no! Let them kill me, but let the rights of man be safe!" (Tremendous applause.)

Sir, if you want to bestow a high praise upon a man, you are apt to say he is an old Roman. But I know a higher epithet of praise. It is: He is a true American! Aye, Charles Sumner is a true American; he is a representative of the truest Americanism; and to him I pay the tribute of my most enthusiastic admiration (enthusiastic cheering). Sir, I hope to see the day when his noble bust, crowned with the love of a grateful people, will stand there! (Great applause).

Sir, I am coming to the close of my remarks. But I cannot refrain from alluding to a circumstance which concerns myself. I understand it has been said that, in saying a few words on the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, a few evening since, I had attempted to interfere with the home affairs of this State, and to dictate to the Republicans their policy. Ah, sir, is there a man in Massachusetts, except he be a servant of the Slave Power, who cannot hear me advocate the equal rights of man without feeling serious pangs of conscience? (Laughter.) Is there a son of this glorious old Commonwealth who cannot hear me draw logical conclusions from the Declaration of Independence; who cannot hear me speak of the natural right of man to the exercise of self-government, without feeling a blush fluttering upon his cheeks? If so, sir, I am sorry for it; it is his fault, not mine.

Interfere with your local matters! how could I? What influence could I, an humble stranger among you, exercise on the action of Massachusetts? But one thing I must tell you. It ought never to be forgotten that this old Commonwealth occupies a representative position. Her history is familiar to the nation; even South Carolina knows it (laughter and applause). The nation is so accustomed to admire her glorious deeds for freedom that with this expectation their eyes are turned upon her. Massachusetts can do nothing in secret; Massachusetts can do nothing for herself alone; every one of her acts involves a hundred-fold responsibility. What Massachusetts does is felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But Massachusetts need only be herself, in order to be great. This is her position among the free States, recognized by all. Can there be a more honorable one? Sons of Massachusetts, you may be proud of it. Do not forget that from her greatness you cannot separate your responsibility.

No, I will not meddle with your home concerns. I will, however, say a word for the West. Strenuous advocate of State rights and of local self-government as I am, if you ever hear of any movement in the West against the integrity of the fundamental principles underlying our system of government, I invite you, I entreat you, I conjure you, come one and all, and make our prairies resound and our forests shake, and our ears ring and tingle, with your appeals for the equal rights of man (loud and continued cheering).

Sir, I was to speak on republicanism at the West, and so I did. This *is* Western republicanism. These are its principles, and I am proud to say its principles are its policy. These are the ideas which have rallied around the banner of liberty not only the natives of the soil, but an innumerable host of Germans, Scandinavians, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, and a goodly number of Irishmen, also. And here I tell you, those are mistaken who believe that the Irish heart is devoid of those noble impulses which will lead him to the side of justice, where he sees his own rights respected and unendangered (applause). Under this banner, all the languages of civilized mankind are spoken, every creed is protected, every right is sacred. There stands every element of Western society, with enthusiasm for a great cause, with confidence in each other, with honor to themselves. This is the banner floating over that glorious valley which stretches from the western slope of the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains—that valley of Jehosaphat, where the nations of the world assemble to celebrate the resurrection of human freedom (tremendous applause). The inscription on that banner is not "opposition to the Democratic party for the sake of placing a new set of men into office"; for this battle-cry of speculators our hearts have no response; nor is it "restriction of slavery and restriction of the right of suffrage," for this—believe my words, I entreat you—this would be the signal of deserved, inevitable and disgraceful defeat; but the inscription is: "Liberty and equal rights, common to all as the air of heaven—Liberty and equal rights, one and inseparable!" (Enthusiastic cheers)

With this banner we stand before the world. In this sign—in this sign alone, and no other—there is victory. And thus, sir, we mean to realize the great cosmopolitan idea upon which the existence of the American nation rests. Thus we mean to fulfil the great mission of true Americanism; thus we mean to answer the anxious question of down-trodden humanity: "Has *man* the faculty to be free and govern himself?" The answer is a triumphant "Ay!" thundering into the ears of the despots of the Old World that "a man is a man for all that"; proclaiming to the oppressed that they are held in subjection on false pretences; cheering the hearts of the despondent friends of man with consolation and renewed confidence.

This is true Americanism, clasping mankind to its great heart. Under its banner we march; let the world follow (loud applause, and three cheers for the champion of Freedom in Wisconsin).

"THE BODY OF CHRIST."

[We have before us, under the above title, a most eloquent and impressive Discourse, delivered in the Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, April 17, 1859, by W. H. FURNESS. It was manifestly suggested by the Slave Case which lately caused so much excitement in that city, and is marked throughout with the deep moral earnestness which always characterizes the utterances of its author. We give an extract, regretting that we cannot find room for the whole Discourse. After describing the Primitive Church, its purity and power, the preacher proceeds:]

Thus, and so long as the Church sprang from Christ, as its active and creative centre, so long as the personal influence of Christ wrought to melt human hearts, and cause them to flow together in veneration and love for him, and to flow out in a beneficent activity like his, so long the Christian Church was a Divine Institution, and the Holy Spirit of God wrought in it, and wrought through it, just as it works in and through every natural thing; just as it is working now through the light and the air, and the reviving vegetation of the year.

And, furthermore, as the first Christian Association was the divinely created Body of Christ, so it was not a dead body, but a living body, penetrated and animated by the spirit of his self-sacrificing faith, and of his active humanity. So that the indwelling spirit of Christ continually manifested its strength and beauty, in the different members of his body, in the courage with which they endured every peril to which their integrity was exposed, and in the tenderness of their affections; and his visible body was a lively picture of him.

And it was because his Body, the Church, was so largely imbued with his life that it grew so rapidly, although in the midst of fire and blood. It was a living power in the world, creating new thoughts in men's minds, new affections in human hearts, making people a surprise to themselves, in the new strength to do and to endure, of which they were rendered conscious. So all alive with the love of Christ was that primitive body of his, that people said: "See how these Christians love one another!" And the populace in the great Roman and Grecian cities were filled with such admiration of the bravery of old men and tender maidens, in encountering death by fire or by wild beasts, that every public execution of those noble martyrs only multiplied by hundreds the company of Christians, and caused the living body of Christ to grow and expand into dimensions of increasing greatness.

But soon the Church grew so strong in numbers, and in the rank and position of its members, enrolling high officers of State and Emperors among them, that many were drawn to it not by reverence for Christ, not by his spirit working in their hearts and attracting them to him through a host of dangers, but by selfish considerations, motives of gain and personal ambition; not because they wished to serve others, but because they wished directly the opposite: to rule them. Others again were found in the Church, ostensibly members of the Body of Christ, not through any lively interest in him, but from the accident of birth, or by force of outward circumstances.

And so, in course of time, it came to pass that the body of Christ, which, when clad in the coarse garments of a poor slave, and girt all round with the fires of persecution, showed such Divine life, such angelic beauty, was soon arrayed in imperial purple, and seated on a throne, and in this garb, although still named the body of Christ, it lost the spirit of Christ, and a worldly spirit taking possession of its members, made them labor, not to promote human liberty and progress, but to oppose and crush both. Then the Christian Church, no longer the divine embodiment of the free and self-sacrificing mind of Christ, became the pliant slave of despotic power, ready to brand every free thought as impious, to bind men hand and foot in the heavy chains of a heartless formality, and to overwhelm them with the terrors both of this world and of the world to come.

To all the purposes of human degradation and enslavement, it proved itself still to be, although no longer the body of Christ, yet a living body, a body full of gigantic strength, striding over the world, upholding with its single arm the whole fabric of despotism, listening with an ear so acute, watching with an eye so sharp, that men trembled and whispered in the most hidden places of their own dwellings for fear of this terrible power.

But while thus alive and strong, truly a living and muscular body to serve the lust of power, to every generous instinct of humanity, to every free and genial aspiration after Truth and a likeness to Christ and to God, it has been as dead as if it were all made of wood or iron; and the Religion, to which it has ministered, to which it has given this sacred name—what has it been but a bigoted zeal for opinions and outward observances, for forms of speculative thought and external worship?

So tremendously powerful has been its influence in this direction, in corrupting the very idea of Religion in men's minds, in wrenching away the human conscience from Justice and the Love of God, and in fastening it upon formal prayers and days and places, that to breathe a word in a Christian assembly, on a Christian Sabbath, in condemnation of the wickedness of buying, selling and hunting human beings, is considered by thousands the worse sin of the two, a downright act of sacrilege!

Thus mournfully is the Body of Christ, the Church, once instinct at every pore with the life of his glorious humanity—thus is it forsaken of his spirit, and possessed by the spirit of the world and of the Devil. It still bears the name of Christ. It boasts loudly of that, and its different members, the different Churches, into which the one great Church is split, contend fiercely, each for its sole claim to that honorable title; or they cease from their bitter controversies only when some free thought is to be suppressed, or some barbarous enactment is to be sanctioned. The Church makes a great show with the multitude and costliness of its temples. It collects thousands of dollars every day to print Bibles and tracts—to circulate the dead letter that kills. It keeps a large place in the public eye, and makes a great noise in the public ear; but the smoke of [illegible] torment is forever ascending, and men lie grovelling and writhing in their iniquities and their chains. Think you, my hearers, we should witness such sights of guilt and woe as the world continually presents if the Christian Church were what it claims to be, the body, the living and strong Body of Christ, the natural and heaven-created organ, whereby his most Holy Spirit would act with power upon the souls of men, reclaiming or overawing the guilty, lifting up the fallen, guiding the weak, righting the wronged, impregnating the very air that we breathe with sanctity, and so elevating public opinion above all our hollow conventionalities, above all our barbarous laws and inhuman prejudices, that such legal violations of human rights as we have recently witnessed could not possibly be?

But while the so-called Christian Church has ceased to be the living body of Christ, animated by his spirit, and executing his will, he is not wholly without influence. His great life is still embodied in the world. It is forever forming for itself a new body, as the old body decays and loses the inspiration of his Truth. That once true and living Church is now but a corpse, decked in costly array for the grave. Within the Church, and, more strikingly still outside of the Church, the rudiments of a new growth are more or less distinctly visible. And just as our material bodies are continually changed and superseded by a new formation, so the life of Christ is constantly fashioning for itself a new and more glorious body, a body fuller of life and stronger, of a more vigorous constitution, and of greater grace and beauty. And the members of this new and more powerful body may have no name to be honored in the established Churches of the day. They may be disowned and reviled as the enemies of Christ, infidels and fanatics. And yet the very life-blood of Christian truth and liberty is warming their hearts, and giving them such power that they are the strong hands and the swift feet of the body of Christ, his hands to lift up the bowed down, his feet to run upon the errands of his mercy, and he looks out from their eyes suffused with heavenly pity, and his voice lends its music to their accents.

Amidst all the darkness and corruption that are in the world, and although men are divided into unnumbered parties and sects, yet here and there the marks and signs of the true Church, the living Body of Christ, are beginning to be seen. I look for them not in the expensive structures of marble and of granite that stud the land, pointing their pinnacles to the skies, not in the articles of faith which men profess to hold, not in the revivals and prayer-meetings which make so much noise, not in any of the loud-voiced demonstrations which are made of religious zeal. "The kingdom of God," saith Christ, "cometh not with observation." So the Body of Christ, his divinely instituted Church, grows in silence and in secrecy. It is growing often when and where it is least looked for. A germ of its growth exists in every free thought fearlessly uttered in the love of truth, in every act that sacrifices popularity and success for the sake of truth and honesty, in every word spoken for the Right when the Wrong is mighty and terrible, in every office of humanity, be it only the giving of a cup of cold water to a fugitive slave.

I looked, the other day, into that low, dark and crowded room, in which one of the most wicked laws that man ever enacted was in process of execution, and there I beheld the living presence of that spirit of Christ, out of which shall again grow the beautiful Body of Christ, the true Church. The close and heated atmosphere of the place well became the devilish work that was going on. The question was whether, for no crime, but for the color of the skin which God gave him, a fellow-man should be robbed of his dear liberty, and degraded to a chattel and a brute. There sat the man in his old hat and red flannel shirt and ragged coat, just as he was seized by this horrible despotism. There he sat while questions were discussed involving things dearer to him than life. On one side of him stood the minister of the cruel law. On the other—the place was luminous to my inmost soul with a celestial light; for there stood a devoted Christian woman, blind to all outward distinctions and defacements, deaf to the idle babble of the world's tongues, cheering her poor hunted brother with the sisterly sympathy of her silent presence. And as I looked upon her, I felt that Christ was there; that no visible halo of sanctity was needed to distinguish that simple act of humanity, done under such circumstances as an act preëminently Christian, profoundly sacred, ineffably religious.

My friends, rely upon it, as you live, these are the things which are the germs out of which shall grow a new Body of Christ. There may be ridicule and contempt, and indifference, and loud charges of folly and fanaticism; but nevertheless it is such acts as this, done in unconscious simplicity and tenderness of heart, that go straight to the very centre and soul of the people, and help us all to see what an artificial, childish gewgaw that religion is, in comparison, which busies itself with churchgoing and formal acts of prayer, putting the dead letter for the living spirit. Yes, though we may be hedged round and round with all manner of narrow prejudices, such a touch of natural humanity as this goes like an electric flash through all our encasements and bandages, and creates in us a new and larger sentiment of Truth and Religion.

We may not, through any one experience of this sort, be made conscious of any sudden and great change in our habits of thinking. But still every experience of the kind, everything that appeals to our common human feelings, has an effect, and gradually and insensibly our whole view of things undergoes a change. It is interesting to observe how men outgrow their narrow creeds when their hearts begin to expand with a broader sentiment of humanity. This is one of the blessed effects of the anti-slavery movement. Whenever it enlists orthodox men in its behalf, it instantly begins to liberalize their orthodoxy. They very soon discover that there is something a great deal better and more living than their theology; that the dogmas of the sects are dry husks which the swine eat, yielding not a drop of refreshment in comparison with the great, world-regenerating principles of Justice and Mercy, which, under the pressure of persecution, burst out with exhilarating power, like the wine-press with new wine. Thus it is that true Christianity undermines and displaces false religion. Thus it is that the cause of the Fugitive Slave is the cause of Christ. And every triumph of personal freedom is a victory gained over the despotism of a corrupt and soul-enslaving theology.

Thus it is that the spirit of Christ, which is one and the same with a spirit of self-renouncing humanity, is steadily working to form for itself a new Church, a new body, a new and more elevated form of thought, and to realize in the characters of individuals, and in the institutions of society, a higher idea of Truth and Goodness.

And we are all witnesses, my friends, of this steady forming or reforming process. The members of Christ's body, fashioned and beautified by his indwelling grace, are beginning to be recognized. The recent Fugitive Slave case has revealed a change in the general feeling of this community, which is striking and most encouraging. Everywhere, during the course of the trial, in the streets and places of public resort, the tone of the public mind, as it was indicated in the talk of men, was in cheering accord with Freedom and Humanity. It was rare to hear any concern expressed for the Union or the Constitution. And it seems as if it were beginning at last to be perceived that there is no danger to be feared when Liberty is revered and Justice done, even though human enactments, hostile to both, be trampled in the dust. I see in this change a sign and evidence of the growing body of Christ, of the appearance of the true and living Church, that Church which will not lie like a huge and decaying corpse across the path of human progress, neither moving itself nor permitting this busy generation to advance towards light and liberty; that glorious Church, whose strong limbs are the men and the women who suffer with joy for the Right; that body of Christ, that stands erect and free, with arms outstretched in everlasting mercy, or runs forward and leads the way to truth and to heaven, levelling the mountains of human pride, exalting the valleys of human ignorance.

Precisely, my friends, precisely as the Church, which is the body of Christ, grew in the primitive ages of the Christian era, so is it growing now, not by the instrumentality of learning or of books, not by argument and reasoning, but by every event that touches the hearts of people and awakens in them sentiments of pity, of admiration and of love, everything that stirs the natural human sympathies of men and makes us feel for one another. We associate all our ideas of the Christian Church and of Religion mainly with human institutions, with the forms of religion which men have established. But God, the Almighty, the Omnipresent, works not in the narrow ways of men. His Spirit is abroad over the whole earth, and at times and in places where we look not for it, far away from all that we think holy and religious, that blessed power is at work forming the Body of Christ, making it the living organ of his will, that it may carry out that will, notwithstanding all the obstacles that man, in his wickedness or ignorance, is constantly heaping up in its way. O friends, I adjure you, take heed, lest you be found resisting that life-giving Spirit. Take heed that you be not led astray by names and phrases, mistaking the form of godliness for the power thereof. That our understandings may be enlightened, that we may be living parts of the body of Christ, let us pray now, in our inmost hearts, with an earnestness that no words can express!

BLACK EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.

To the Free Persons of Color in Missouri and the North.

FRIENDS: An effort, I see, is now being made in Missouri and the adjoining region to induce an emigration of persons of color from the United States to Hayti.

I earnestly advise you to "wait a little longer" before accepting the proffered passage to that Republic.

Soulouque wanted Americans to labor on his estates because they were better workmen and more easily managed and required less oversight than his unpaid soldiery. He wanted good slaves—that was all; for he had neither foresight, patriotism nor liberal ideas.

Geffrard is a man of very different character; but until he gives you certain solemn guarantees, it is both your duty and your interest to keep yourselves beyond the reach of his authority.

Remember that when you pass beyond the limits of the United States, the government and laws of this country forever cease to protect you; and remember, also, that, although Hayti is nominally a republic, the government is in fact a military monarchy. You cannot leave it if you are black or colored, without the official permission of the government.

Unless you receive a guarantee of exemption from military duty for a long term of years, you will gain nothing, and probably lose your all, by emigrating to the Haytien Republic.

The country, it is true, is a terrestrial paradise; but what benefit will accrue to you from that fact if you cannot procure farms on liberal terms, or adequate protection to enable you to cultivate the lands you may acquire?

It is significant that Soulouque sought emigrants in the slave States. He feared the spirit of freedom. That Geffrard also does so, as yet only proves that his policy is founded on inadequate knowledge; but, if he continues to pursue it, there will be neither illiberality nor injustice in attributing this movement to a secret sentiment at war with the true interests of his race here, and of freedom in Hayti.

This scheme, unlike the plans of Eli Thayer for colonizing Central America with whites, or of F. P. Blair for colonizing the same region with liberated blacks, is calculated to degrade and demoralize the emigrant, to sink him to the moral level of the lower class of Haytians, instead of raising up the nation to a higher grade of civilization.

There was an emigration of blacks from the United States to Hayti thirty years ago. It was conducted precisely as the present scheme is being carried out. It led to the most deplorable suffering. I will speak of it at greater length at another time; but, in the interval, I sincerely recommend you to stay at home.

Before leaving Port-au-Prince, I addressed to the Secretary of State a series of interrogatories in behalf of colored emigrants intending to go to Hayti. The President and Secretary promised to a friend of mine to answer any letter that I might address them on the subject.

I expect this answer in the course of a couple of weeks. If it is not explicit, definite, satisfactory, you had better turn your faces to the snow-drifts of Canada than the sunny *mornes* of Hayti.

I like this Geffrard; he appears to be a good man; he talks like a patriot; but until he gives you his solemn and official pledges of exemption, protection, and liberty to go or come at pleasure, you had better face the storm of Saxon prejudice and Pagan legislation here than try to escape it by entering into indefinite relations with a government whose only guarantee of stability is the popularity of its present ruler and the uncertain allegiance of a mercenary army. There is no use, as the Haytian proverb says, in jumping out of the river into the sea.

Malden, Mass., April 23, 1859. JAMES REDPATH.

THE SALE OF THE BUTLER SLAVES.

From The London Times, April 13.

WHENEVER we meet an American gentleman, and the conversation happens to turn on the subject of Negro Slavery, he is sure to inform us with much vehemence that Mrs. Stowe's novel was absurd, exaggerated, inspired by the rabid Abolitionist fanaticism of a small sect, and unworthy the credit of impartial men. It is most unjust, he will say, for an author to string together a series of atrocities and give it as a picture of life in an actual society. What if even each of the horrors related by Mrs. Stowe had had a counterpart in actual history? Such isolated misdeeds might be collected by searching the annals of the Southern States for a series of years, but to bring them together and to present them as the ordinary accompaniments of slaveholding is manifestedly an abuse of fiction. There is something in this argument, and we are therefore glad when history lets in its own sober light on the details of life in the South. As a general rule, there is no better clue to the civilization which prevails from Virginia to Texas than the advertisements in an ordinary Southern newspaper, headed "Negroes! Negroes!!" or "Cash for Negroes!" or describing a runaway slave, each advertisement attracting attention by a little wood cut of a negro prefixed to it, after the fashion of the shipping advertisements in a Liverpool or Hull paper. But it is a long time since we have seen anything which, to use the phrase of the day, photographed the slave-dealing system so completely as the description which we printed yesterday of a large sale of slaves at Savannah, Georgia. The whole melancholy drama of slave life is displayed before the reader; from the ruin of the speculative Southern gentleman, whose hereditary estate must be sold for the benefit of New York creditors, to the dispersion of the slaves among other masters, some petty grasping tyrants, very different from the old caste of which the South still continues to be proud, though with less reason than formerly. The "Old Major Butler estates" descended to two sons of that wealthy gentleman, whose property was invested in rice and cotton plantations. One of these, Mr. Pierce Butler, a gentleman once well known in London, is a citizen of the free State of Pennsylvania, an inhabitant of the most respectable city of Philadelphia; and, though we know from the constant reiteration of Americans that the free States have nothing at all to do with slavery, and are in no way responsible for the guilt of the Southern members of the Confederacy, yet Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia owned "436 men, women, children, and infants, being half of the Negro stock remaining on the Old Major Butler Plantations, which fell to the heirs of that estate." "Losses in the grand crash of 1857–8 and other exigencies of business compelled Mr. Pierce Butler to realize his Southern investments to satisfy his most pressing creditors." Accordingly, the 436 men, women, and children, are brought by railroad from the rice plantation, not far from "the Great Okefenokee Swamp," and the Sea Island cotton plantation off the Georgian coast, both most advantageously situated properties for the growth of their respective produce. The negroes of an old patriarchal plantation are well described—no light mulattoes in the whole stock, very small admixture of European blood anywhere; most of the negroes of the native African blackness. Major Butler at least did not work young men and women so fair in features that to any but a quick Southern eye they might pass for white. They were all field hands, regular plantation negroes, well treated, as might be expected on a rich old gentleman's estate, but "put through," as Mr. Legree would say, in crop time, so that occasionally they broke up at 30 years of age or thereabout. Now, without following the writer into any sentimentalities, we may be permitted to regret that such sales as are here described are likely to become more frequent every year. The break-up of the old planter aristocracy, the treatment of the negro less and less as a dependent and more and more as a chattel, the growing indifference to negro life, which extends itself to an indifference to all other life, are signs which do not promise a very cheering future. Enterprise has evaded the South; and, though the wealth of the States and of the whole world is enhanced by it, the unfortunate instruments of this prosperity must suffer that others may gain. New men, of rougher texture and more mercenary aims, succeed the planters of the old school, who have something of the faults of Irish proprietors, being generally a year or two behindhand in their dealings with

is a *life*, and not a *form*. It abounded in varied and beautiful illustrations, which charmed the audience by their pertinency, and the felicity of the diction in which they were presented.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

REMOVAL.—The Office of THE STANDARD has been removed to the Park Bank Building (adjoining Lovejoy's Hotel), No. 5 Beekman Street. Our friends, after ascending the broad stairs to the second story, cannot fail to discover our sign—

ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD,

in large letters, on the first right-hand door.

ANNIVERSARY ARRANGEMENTS.

MEETINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

In the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 448 *Broadway, between Howard and Grand streets.*

FIRST MEETING.—Tuesday, 10 a. m. Speakers—Rev. A. M. MILLIGAN of Pa., PARKER PILLSBURY, Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SECOND MEETING.—Tuesday evening, 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers—HON. ERASTUS D. CULVER, EDWARD GILBERT, Esq., C. C. BURLEIGH, and others.

THIRD MEETING.—Wednesday, 10 a. m. Speakers—WM. WELLS BROWN, LUCRETIA MOTT, Rev. SAMUEL AARON, Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, and others.

FOURTH MEETING.—Wednesday, 3 1-2 p. m. Speakers—Rev. GEORGE F. NOYES, J. M. MCKIM, A. T. FOSS, and others.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary of this Society will be held in the City Assembly Rooms, 448 Broadway, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers—THEODORE TILTON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and others. Admission 10 cts., to defray expenses.

DOWN HILL.

THE extent to which the American Church has become corrupt and apostate is shown most prominently by those members of it, lay and clerical, who actually hold slaves, and actually defend slaveholding. But the evidence of this corruption, though less conspicuous, is equally thorough and decided in those church-members who, incidentally, and by the operation of causes external to the Church, have become anti-slavery. So great is their traditionary veneration for the act of *professing* a religious character—so thoroughly have they assumed that the act of announcing one's self a Christian in the nineteenth century implies, in favor of him who makes this declaration, all that it did in the first century—that they seem to regard this *profession* as most substantial and unequivocal among the various evidences that a man *is* a Christian. To be sure, Jesus, whom they acknowledge as Master, taught directly and emphatically otherwise; yet, as the proselytes from Judaism in Paul's time found it hard to realize that, in regard to circumcision and the Sabbath, he meant just what he said, so these modern disciples, however convinced of the uselessness of repetitions of "Lord! Lord!" in Hebrew, cannot help thinking that there is much virtue in them when expressed in English.

The efficiency of words in the suggestion and modification of thought is nowhere more obvious than in the position of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States" recently formed (by about fifty persons) in Worcester. These persons were (at different periods between ten and forty years ago) admitted to membership in a thoroughly pro-slavery Church, and certified by it to be Christians. They have all this time been in the habit of calling this Church "evangelical," and considering it to be *the* Church—the Church of God—the Church of Christ—notwithstanding its active and efficient support of slavery; and they have considered themselves to be Christians because they were made in its image, conformed to its ideas, and active in the fulfilment of its purposes.

Within a few years (unless long arrears of sinful silence and inaction in regard to what they *knew* of the atrocious and utterly anti-Christian character of slavery remain unconfessed on their part) these fifty men—we have heard of no women among them—learned from sources outside of the Church, and evil-spoken-of by her ever since their existence, that *slavery is contrary to the principles of natural justice and of the Christian religion*—that *slaveholding is a heinous crime in the sight of God*—and that it was needful to *apply to this subject the truths of Divine revelation, to enlist the pulpit in the cause of the suffering and the dumb, to aim at a purification of the Churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery, and to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.* Since these truths were published to the world by William Lloyd Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833 as their principles and methods of action, since they have ever since been repeating these truths by speech and by the press, and since that Church which is recognized by the Worcester Society as "evangelical" has *never* taught these things, we assume it as probable that the Worcester people learned these things, directly or indirectly, from the action of Mr. Garrison and the Society he founded. Wherever they learned these ideas, the founders of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" expressed them energetically and unequivocally in their Preamble, Declaration of Principles and Constitution, and incorporated with them another idea which has been acted upon by the American Anti-Slavery Society ever since it found (as it very soon did) that the Church and the clergy *would not* desist from complicity with slavery, namely, the duty of rebuking the practice or the toleration of this sin by the Church.

Now, if faithfulness to these ideas has absolutely compelled the American Anti-Slavery Society to denounce the Church as recreant to both the essential points of Christianity (love to God and love to man), it would seem that the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," having voluntarily adopted the same ideas, and expressed them with equal force in their constitutional basis, would be constrained, by a logical necessity, to adopt a similar course. If they affirm in these documents (as they do) "the utter inadequacy and impossibility of any remedy or relief from slavery but one that insists upon its *inherent wrongfulness, its total intrinsic baseness*"—if they declare themselves "deeply mortified and grieved by its *continued toleration and defence in the Church*"—if they proclaim "no compromise with slavery allowable, but its *total* extinction to be demanded *at once*, in the name of God"—and if they affirm the duty of administering rebuke and refusing fellowship to bodies, calling themselves Christian Churches, which tolerate or defend slavery—one would think that they *must*, by a logical necessity, proceed to rebuke the great mass of Churches (calling themselves "evangelical") which have held and still hold this guilty position, namely, the Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and declare them out of the bounds of Christian fellowship until they have brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

But, amazing as it may seem, they not only leave this immensely important work undone, but act at variance with it, and with their own principles legitimately leading to it, in the following particulars.

1. After having expressed in their very Preamble, as one of the obvious truths upon which their whole action was founded, their mortification and grief at the continued toleration and defence of slaveholding in the Church, they proceed to announce that same Church, and the Ministry who have been its leaders in this course of sin, as still the appropriate guides and educators of the nation in regard to the very point wherein they have hitherto misled it! Here is their language, in the 8th specification of their Declaration of Principles. "*The* Church and *the* Ministry to form the conscience of the nation *in respect to slavery.*"

Now "the Ministry" thus spoken of is a body of forty thousand men, many of whom hold slaves, while the rest agree that they may do so. "The Church" thus spoken of is a body of millions of persons, men and women, many of whom hold slaves, while the rest agree that they may do so. Yet the fifty *men* of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society"—are their sisters and wives utterly indifferent to the claims of the slave?—point out this very Church and this very Ministry as the source to which the community should look for instruction and guidance "in respect to slavery"! Is not this pulling down with one hand what they are building up with the other?

2. Having thus fraternized with the existing pro-slavery Church and Ministry, they proceed to fraternize with a Society which, though seeking to be considered reformatory, holds a middle ground between slavery and anti slavery, namely, the American Tract Society at Boston, auxiliary to the National Society of the same name at New York. With this Society they unanimously voted to confer in regard to the publication of tracts.

Now, this Society having already taken particular pains to advertise itself as not anti-slavery at all, and having expressed its diametrical opposition to some of the most characteristic features of the ground taken by the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," it would seem that the latter should consider the former as part of its field for missionary action, and should adapt a portion of its tracts and addresses to the express work of converting and reforming these members of the Boston Branch of the great National Tract Society. This seems the rather an imperative duty, as the Boston compromisers in question are now reputed to be gaining many adherents; and they are at this moment trying their powers of seduction upon the hitherto faithful "American Reform Tract and Book Society" at Cincinnati. For this Society, or that at Worcester, seriously to confer with the one at Boston respecting the publication of tracts, is like the proposal of a missionary to confer with the heathen to whom he is sent, in regard to the best method of overthrowing their religion.

To show the extent of diversity of principle between the Boston and Worcester Societies, we will contrast some of their words in parallel columns.

CHURCH ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY (AT WORCESTER).	AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY (AT BOSTON).
This Society, after naming itself "*Anti Slavery*," declares its purpose to be—"the utter destruction of that atrocious system of chattel slavery which is maintained in the United States."—Preamble.	"We are not an Anti Slavery Society."—Address of Ex. Com. (Rev. Baron Stow, Rev. Andrew L. Stone and others), p. 3. "Purposes and Plans. "2. Not to be an abolition society."—Statement of Israel P. Warren, Sec., in *The Independent*, March 31, 1859.
"The duties of the officers and Committee shall be . . . . . to induce action by the Churches with reference to slavery, and to inculcate the duties of civil government, of civil rulers and of citizens, in respect to its overthrow."—Constit. Art. 3. In the Declaration of Principles, Art. 8, a purpose is declared to act "against all unjust judgments of Courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress."	"Resolved, That the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications."—P. 4 of Ann. Rep. 1858; also p. 2 of Address, above cited; also in a circular of Mr. Secretary Alvord, dated Tract House, 28 Cornhill, Boston, Feb., 1859; also in the Statement of Mr. Secretary Warren, in *The Independent*, above cited.
"The Word of God our charter to freedom and our armory against slavery, and any assertion that the Lord God sanctions slavery practical infidelity."—Dec. of Princ 9 "No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be at once demanded, in the name of God, who has commanded to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."—Ib. 6.	Extracts from "Slavery and the Bible: by Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D." Pp. 16. This work discourages immediate abolition, recommends a very gradual emancipation, and in the last of three publications, all that the Boston Society have yet issued in regard to slavery. "By one class the Bible is appealed to in justification of slavery, by another in condemnation of it; and the question seems yet unsettled, what ground the inspired writers designed to take on the subject."—p. 1.
"The system of American slavery and the practice of slaveholding essentially sinful and anti-Christian, and to be dealt with, therefore, as such, by Christian Churches and ministers."—Dec of Princ., 3. "The utter inadequacy and impossibility of any remedy or relief from slavery, but one that insists upon its inherent wrongfulness, its total intrinsic baseness, and denies absolutely the wild and guilty phantasy that man can have property in man!"—Ib. 4. Slavery is "a system characterized at every point by a total opposition to the law of God, and to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a system of superlative iniquity, of selfishness, of malignity, of impiety, of oppression, the deadliest enemy of the Christian religion of which any conception can be formed."—9th Resolution. No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God.—Dec. of Princ. 6.	"We find the inspired writers suffering the existence of slavery; yet, while suffering, regulating and restraining it; . . . . checking it in its onward course of usurpation, and softening its harsher features."—p. 4 "The manner in which the inspired writers aimed at the ultimate extinction of slavery was very like that in which they sought to accomplish other great and needed changes. Not suddenly, and by positive enactment; but gradually, by apostolic example and influence; and by the evolving genius of the Christian faith; so that little violence was done to existing prejudices, and established customs were not rudely broken up."—p. 6. Fourth Resolution of Special Committee of Fifteen: "Resolved, That the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications; but that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, do undoubtedly fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit."

It thus appears, by the published documents of these two bodies, that one is Anti-Slavery, and the other not; one determined to oppose political sin as well as other sin, the other not; one appeals to the Bible as requiring the immediate abolition of slavery, the other as discouraging it; one treats of slavery itself, counting it intrinsically base and abominable, the other only of the fruits that grow out of it, assuming some of them to be "moral duties" and some "moral evils"; one declares exterminating war against slavery itself, the other will not denounce even its evils, but only *fraternally discuss them!*

What concord of action can exist between these two Societies? Yet the Worcester Society proposes conference, with a view to coöperation! Proposes coöperation, in the publication of tracts on slavery, with a Society which chooses on its Executive Committee two Boston ministers whose Churches will not admit colored people even to hear the Gospel preached on terms of equality with others!

But this is not the only indication of a falling from grace, a sliding away from their own first principles, on the part of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society." The first person who called a meeting in their behalf, the first person who wrote in their defence, Rev. Henry T. Cheever, declares (STANDARD, 23d ult.) that they *do* "recognize the existence of Christian slaveholders—that is, of slaveholders who are nevertheless Christians." And again, "Christian slaveholders, belonging with us to Christ the Head."

Christians who live in the practice of "inherent wrongfulness"—of "total, intrinsic baseness"—of something "essentially sinful and anti-Christian"—of something "equally contrary to natural justice and revealed religion"!!

Christians! indeed!

These Christians, according to Rev. H. T. Cheever, are of two classes. First, those who, seeing only some, but not all, of the evils of slaveholding, "continue it without remorse, keeping one another in countenance." Next, those who "are convinced of the sinfulness of slavery, and who are *withdrawing* from it, but are living under a reign of terror as to any expression of their views in regard to it."

Mr. Cheever's list of "Christian slaveholders," then, comprises some who do not, and some who do, recognize slaveholding *as sin*. And he *seems* to ask (for there is some ambiguity about the inquiry) the opinion of THE STANDARD about these matters. We will give it him with pleasure.

THE STANDARD thinks that a continuance in slaveholding is evidence more conclusive against a man's Christian character than all possible evidence besides that can be adduced in favor of it.

In regard to the two particular classes of slaveholders whom the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" (according to Mr. Cheever) wishes to have indulged with the Christian name (with the purpose of administering to them Church discipline), we should say of the first—If they don't know that slaveholding is sin, they don't know enough to be Christians; they are yet unacquainted with the first principles, the very alphabet of Christianity. And of the second we should say—If the "reign of terror" which is here set forth as the excuse for their continuance in slaveholding, *knowing it to be sinful*, be nothing worse than crucifixion, or casting into a den of lions, or into a burning fiery furnace, it does not suffice for their excuse, and their apostacy under that fear proves them not to be Christians. What is the meaning of that precept—"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more than they can do"! The reverend gentlemen who have united in forming the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" are accustomed, *in the pulpit*, and speaking of *other* kinds of "sin," to praise and honor those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, for the sake of bearing testimony against sin, and in favor of holiness. With an aspect of uncompromising determination, they call upon their congregations to sing—

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?"

and they promptly reply to their own question,

"Sure, I must fight if I would reign!"

and, in view of the possible results of this fighting, they say,

"Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die!"

Let us clearly understand this matter. Is a "reign of terror" henceforth to be an excuse for sin in all cases, or only in the case of slaveholding? And are the *Christian* slaveholders to keep their mouths shut and their skins safe as long as the "reign of terror" shall last? We find more and more reason to think that the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" is less thorough, less sound, less manly, less Christian, than the "American Anti-Slavery Society."

CHARLES F. HOVEY.

THE last week has been saddened to many Anti-Slavery hearts by the death of one of the truest friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. Charles F. Hovey died in Boston on Thursday, April 28th, after a painful illness of many months, aged fifty-two years, and was buried at Mount Auburn, on Monday, the 2d of May. He has been identified with the American Anti-Slavery Society, as an active friend and officer, for so many years that no coadjutor of the Movement can be ignorant of the services he has rendered it, the liberality with which he has enlarged its means and the wise sagacity with which he strengthened its counsels. But only they that knew him best and saw the thoroughness of his fidelity to his convictions of truth in every direction, and the perfection of the beauty of his daily life, can know how great a loss the world has met with in the withdrawal of such an example from its walks and ways.

Mr. Hovey was a successful merchant, and had acquired a competent estate by his skilful enterprise in business. And he showed how the traffic of the world can be carried on successfully without injustice, without meanness, and even without selfishness. His business relations were marked not only by the highest tone of mercantile honor, but by a spirit of magnanimous and generous consideration of all connected with his affairs that is rarely seen in trade. But he did not call or consider his conduct in any of its manifestations as either magnanimous or generous, but simply just. He was eminently a just man. He recognized himself, and he sought to procure to be recognized by all, the rights of others in their fullest extent. He helped the slave on the plantation and the worthy poor at his door, because he acknowledged their right to what he could do for their relief.

But though his hand was open as day to melting charity, his beneficence was considerate and wise. No man could say "No" more readily and emphatically than he, even to requests urged by his best friends, when the objects suggested did not commend themselves to his judgment. He had an instinctive perception of shams and make-believes which seldom permitted his well-known liberality to be imposed upon by the unworthy. His opinions on all subjects he formed for himself, and was not to be shaken in them, when definitely made up, by the differing sense of his dearest and best friends. And this with such a native sweetness of temper and kindliness of manner that difference of opinion conciliated instead of alienating affection and esteem. No more thoroughly independent man lived on the earth than Charles Hovey, no man who feared less the face of man or was truer to the pointings of conscience, reason and sympathy. And no man, perhaps, was ever more deeply loved and more sincerely mourned than he, by those who knew him best, however widely they might differ from him in matters of faith and practice.

When Mr. Hovey was struggling with the world for the beginnings of his fortunes, the world in which he lived was Whig, Protective and Bank-believing. He professed himself a Democrat, a Free-trader and a Hard-money-man, in times when such opinions were regarded with an intolerance scarcely credible now, in the business circles where his daily walks lay. His politico-economical opinions he retained to the last, and he died in the faith of the good time coming when there would be neither Custom-houses nor Paper-money. And his intrinsic Democracy he lived and died in, too, though he soon saw through and spurned from him the impudent faction which tramples on the rights of the black man in its pretended zeal for the assertion of those of the whites. He indeed believed in that Democracy which regards "Man divested of his Accidents," to the last. A Man was a Man to him, whether white or black, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, and he maintained the rights of the Slave, the poor and the ignorant, because they were Men and had none or few to help them.

Shaking off the dust of his feet as against the Democrats, he soon betook himself to the Abolitionists. He discerned in them men who were sincerely pursuing a great public end, without taking counsel of flesh and blood, but following out their idea of duty whithersoever it might lead them. He at once united with the sect everywhere spoken against, and never ceased walking with it as long as he lived. He was constant in his attendance on the meetings of the Executive Committees of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, and was ever on the side of the most resolute action and the most outspoken utterance. His faith in the absolute policy of absolute truth was perfect. He knew no Expediency but the Right. In matters of simple opinion as to means, though he was firm in his own way of thinking, he gracefully and readily yielded to the prevailing action. In matters which seemed to him to savor of principle, he was never to be shaken or moved a hair's-breadth from the stand he had taken as the right position. He was ever in the midst of controversy on all sorts of subjects, but with no drop of acrimony in his temper or of gall in his blood.

He formed his own opinions as to theological matters as deliberately, and maintained them as fearlessly, as he did as to all other things of human concernment. His views as to religious doctrines and institutions were distinct and unmistakable, and he never sought to conceal or palliate them in life or in death. With them, however, we have no concern. If to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly were to walk with God, his conversation was in Heaven. If to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, and to be kind unto the unthankful and the evil, were to be Christ-like, happy indeed is the disciple who can claim a closer resemblance to the Master than he! And they that knew him best and loved him most, as they laid his head in the grave, enjoyed an assured faith that a spirit so loving and so pure, so brave and so gentle, so wise and so true, must find elsewhere the Heaven it had made on earth.

MEETING OF THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—"The Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States" has appointed a meeting to be held at the Church of the Puritans, on Wednesday morning next, at 10 o'clock. Dr. Cheever and others will speak. We regret that this Society has felt it to be necessary, for any reason, to hold its meeting in New York at a time when the American Anti-Slavery Society will be in session, for many friends of the latter will be anxious to hear Dr. Cheever's speech. We cannot help thinking it would have been better for the cause if Dr. Cheever had consented to make his speech on the American Society's platform, since the principles which he so ably and eloquently defends are precisely those which that Society has maintained, in singleness of purpose, for upwards of 25 years; while the Church, after which the new Society is named, has constantly repudiated and malignantly opposed them. That name, however unexceptionable may have been the motives of those who adopted it, seems to us a most unfortunate concession to the enemies of the cause and an implied censure upon its best friends—a concession, too, which will utterly fail of its object, if that object was to bring into uncompromising array against slavery those members of the Church who, claiming to be anti-slavery, have opposed and maligned the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is not the "heresy" and "infidelity" of that Society, or of any of its friends, but its faithful adherence to the uncompromising anti-slavery principles held by Dr. Cheever, that has made it obnoxious to the Bacons, Thompsons and Stones, with whom the cause of the slave is always subordinate to their personal ambition as ecclesiastical leaders and managers. They will no more heed the voice of Dr. Cheever, or of a Church Anti-Slavery Society based upon the principles held by him, than they will that of Garrison and his associates. There is every reason why the friends of uncompromising Anti-Slavery should stand together for the cause, in spite of all their differences upon other subjects, and the American Society stands exactly upon the ground on which alone such a union is possible. When Dr. Cheever and his friends in the Ministry and the Church muster the courage to come boldly and unflinchingly upon that platform, they will, in that very hour, make such a commotion in the pro-slavery camp as has not been witnessed for years. Then will your Bacons and Thompsons be covered with shame and terror, knowing that the day of Compromise and ecclesiastical jugglery has gone by. They are rather annoyed than alarmed by the organization of the *Church* Anti-Slavery Society, for they see in that name an indication of weakness that gives them a hope of its failure. The cause of the slave demands a whole-hearted, unreserved consecration. It can tolerate no reservation for the benefit of a Church which is the bulwark of oppression.

FOREIGN AID FOR DR. CHEEVER.

A PARAGRAPH in the letter of our Dublin Correspondent, published last week, announced the presence in Great Britain of an English lady from the United States, engaged in the work of collecting funds to sustain the Rev. Dr. Cheever in his position of uncompromising antagonism to slavery—a position in which his bitterest foes are those of his own ecclesiastical household. We learn, upon inquiry, that the money thus solicited will probably be used, in part at least, to enable Dr. Cheever to devote himself more completely than he could otherwise do to anti slavery labors. Of the details of the plan we cannot now speak, but we take pleasure in assuring the friends of freedom in Great Britain that they may place the utmost reliance upon the integrity and good faith of those friends of Dr. Cheever who have devised and are seeking to consummate it. It is superfluous to say that the Doctor is a man of genius, eloquence, learning, high reputation both as an author and a preacher, and of unquestionable orthodoxy. He has taken the highest ground against slavery, denouncing it unsparingly as a sin against God and a crime against man, and demanding its immediate abolition. He stands, like one of the old prophets, thundering forth the truth of God without fear or compromise. We regard him and the effort in which he and his friends are engaged as a forlorn hope of the American Church. If that Church be not awakened from its long and guilty slumber by such truths as he is wielding, then, surely, it must be surrendered even by the most hopeful of its members to perish in its own corruption. Nearly thirty years ago a Divinely commissioned layman stood forth as the champion of those same truths, and from that time till now he and his friends have labored to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, making themselves thereby of no reputation among men, and incurring the bitter hatred and denunciation of these in high places; and now, at last, we hear the voice of an ordained minister of the gospel, a man of power, crying out over the grave of the Church, "Lazarus, come forth!" There is a rattling among the dry bones, but the miracle of resurrection remains to be performed. Dr. Cheever does not yet see his way clear to come upon our platform, but we appreciate his labors in the common cause, and earnestly hope that he may be supported in the battle he is waging with the Slave Power and its chief Bulwarks, the popular Churches of the United States. We regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as the most efficient agency yet devised to promote the abolition of slavery, and therefore desire, first of all, that its treasury should be well supplied; but, with this exception, we can think of no anti-slavery work of more importance than that which has for its object the support of Dr. Cheever in his position as an uncompromising foe of slavery in a conspicuous pulpit in the largest city of the United States. Our Dublin Correspondent takes the right view of the matter, and we trust Miss Johnston's mission may be entirely successful.

PINCHBECK ANTI-SLAVERY.

THE Tabernacle Congregational Church in this city, though ever hostile to thorough abolitionism as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society, has always made loud professions of anti-slavery. Its pastor is the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., chief editorial manager of *The Independent*. The quality of *his* anti-slavery is indicated in the compromising tone of that journal, in the promptness with which, in 1850, he completed the work left unfinished by the Rynders mob, by inducing the proprietors of the old Tabernacle to shut its doors against the American Anti-Slavery Society, and by the ostentatious readiness with which, at a later period, he consented, as the representative of the so-called anti-slavery party in the American Tract Society, to waive the obligation of that Society to testify against slavery as a sin, upon the condition that it should *discuss*, "in a fraternal and Christian spirit, those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils which it is known to promote." Of course, the man who could thus abate the claims of justice and humanity in deference to a worldly and selfish expediency, and, to gratify his ambition as an ecclesiastical leader, could surrender the citadel of Truth to its insidious but malignant foes, can be regarded as no better than a traitor to the anti-slavery cause, however loud and voluble may be his professions of attachment thereto. And Dr. Thompson *does* profess a most profound hostility to slavery, insomuch that many of those who are not accustomed to look beneath professions to acts really suppose him to be a most zealous Abolitionist. His anti-slavery, however, is of the pinchbeck sort, that will not bear a close inspection, as every person capable of discriminating in such matters may very easily discover; and in this, as in many other cases, we may apply the rule, "like priest like people." Of this we have a new demonstration in the fact, communicated to us on undoubted authority, that in Dr. Thompson's new and elegant Church colored worshippers are not allowed to sit by the side of their white brethren, but are assigned to separate pews in an obscure place. A colored person, ignorant of this arrangement, was lately required by the sexton to vacate the seat he had taken, and either go to the "negro pews" or leave the church. The Church which deliberately makes this odious distinction on account of color virtually endorses the very spirit of slaveholding, and should be branded as unchristian and pro-slavery. Certainly its professions of anti-slavery, in face of such a fact, are nothing but arrant hypocrisy.

THE "HIGHER LAW" OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE *Weekly News*, published at Enterprise, Mississippi, contains the following proclamation in its issue of April 14th. Conceding the rightfulness of slavery, it is impossible to answer the logic of these practical advocates of the slave trade. It is perfectly manifest that the scheme for reviving that trade is gaining ground every day, and that nothing can prevent its consummation but such a movement against slavery itself as shall work its utter extermination. We must take our choice between abolishing slavery as a sin and crime and permitting an unrestricted traffic in human flesh, foreign as well as domestic.

TO SHIPOWNERS AND MASTERS OF OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

We, the undersigned, will pay three hundred dollars ($300) per head for one thousand (1,000) native Africans, between the ages of fourteen (14) and twenty (20) years (of sexes equal) (likely, sound and healthy), to be delivered within twelve (12) months from this date, at some point which is accessible by land, between the ports of Pensacola, Fla., and Galveston, Texas. The contractors giving thirty (30) days' notice as to the time and place of delivery; or we will pay fifty ($50) dollars extra if delivered to us at Enterprise, Clark County, Miss.

Wm. S. Price, Sen.,	A. V. Wolverton,
Wm. Tem. Smith,	Joseph Borden,
George W. Doby,	James M. Hand,
A. Perryman,	George W. Freeman,
Reese Price, Sen.,	J. L. George,
Abram Clark,	Sam'l R. Oliphant,
Thomas Wolverton,	Wm. Marshall,
Samuel W. Howze,	James W. Winn,
Wm. S. Price, Jr.,	James M. Parks.

April 10, 1859.

That we will meet the above, reference is made to the following houses in Mobile, Ala.: Boykin & McRae, Tate, Stewart & Co., G. Goode, Patrick Irwin & Co., G. P. Kelly.

We who have signed this advertisement profess to be law-abiding citizens, but cannot respect any act purporting to be law which we believe to be unconstitutional; as such we esteem that which interdicts the slave trade, either domestic or foreign.

They are regarded as merchandise and slaves here, and in their native country by their brethren; the latter condition is forbidden by Divine Law, but the same law says to the Hebrews, You *shall* enslave the brethren around you, and they *shall* be a perpetual inheritance for your children. We have never known native Africans semi-civilized but by our plan of the American institution of domestic slavery.

We feel that great mutual benefits have and are flowing from the institution, and esteem it a duty to extend the privileges of becoming semi-civilized to others of Africa's degraded race, by mingling, at least, a like number with the four millions now among us, that reciprocal benefits may result.

EULOGY UPON JUDGE JAY.—A discourse will be delivered to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, in the Church of the Puritans, by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, upon the eminent character and public services of the late Judge Jay. We hope there may be a crowded audiory.

REVERENDUS SAMUEL HANSONUS COX, DOCTOR DIVINITATIS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Your paper of the 16th ult. contains a letter from Dr. S. H. Cox to the Secretary of the Southern Aid Society, to which you have given significance by the heading, "More Cant from Dr. Cox."

It strikes me, sir, that when you penned this objurgatory epithet, you were slightly oblivious of that eminent divine's manifold claims to be treated with respect, or even with admiration.

Had you forgotten, sir, that he was, not long since, the admired and beloved pastor of a wealthy congregation in Brooklyn? When he resigned his pastorate, did they not present him with ten thousand dollars, ostensibly as a mark of their high appreciation of his services? though some are malicious enough to say that they would have been willing to pay even a higher sum to get rid of him, had it been necessary.

Is he not an eminent example of a man acting from principle, and willing to endure contumely and neglect for conscience' sake? For, when he visited England for the first time, was he not welcomed as an Abolitionist and treated with great respect and kindness by such men as Dr. Chalmers and John A. James? and when, having seen his error on that point, he *recanted* and again visited England, did not these very men, and others of equal standing with them, refuse to recognize him as their brother and equal? Some evil-minded persons say that *since* that last visit, the persecuted Doctor has been very spiteful against foreigners, and especially against Englishmen, but they surely do him injustice in supposing that so heavenly-minded a man could be influenced by such paltry considerations!

Had you forgotten the learned Doctor's claims to admiration as an *observant* traveller? Did he not, as an evidence that he visited foreign countries with his eyes *open*, relate to his people, from the pulpit and on Sabbath days, many instances of what he had noticed when abroad? And, particularly, did he not stay the torrent of his eloquence to explain to them the use of those extinguisher-like ornaments sometimes seen suspended to the iron railings in front of the houses in London, and relate how, after having foolishly imagined them to be emblematic cornucopiæ, he *saw* them practically used as extinguishers to the torches used to light people to their houses through the otherwise unlighted streets of that *benighted* city? True, some of the natives of the land think that the Dr. was guilty of an anachronism, inasmuch as, since, at first, oil-lamps, and subsequently gas-lamps, were introduced, torches have gone out of fashion, and those useful articles aforesaid have lost their utility, and are found only in front of old houses, built a century or so ago as the residences of the wealthy classes. But is their unbelieving dictum to be taken as a set-off to what the observant Doctor saw with his *own* eyes? I trow not. Furthermore, were not his people both interested and delighted with such edifying relations? Indeed, it is said by some of his hearers that for many months they did not listen to a sermon in which he did not contrive to introduce some of his observations or experiences in Europe. One of his hearers, it is true, and perhaps more, thinking that "too much of a good thing was good for nothing," ventured gently to hint his disapprobation of such frequent allusion to the time "when I was abroad," but was promptly silenced by the travelled Doctor's pious reply, "I am determined to glorify God in everything that I see or know."

Had the Doctor's eminent skill as a linguist escaped your recollection? for I can hardly suppose it possible that any one residing in New York, Brooklyn, or the country round about, can have missed being edified by hearing some of the learned divine's frequently repeated scraps of Latin, Greek, French, and I know not what other languages. You, surely, must, at least, have heard of his commencing a prayer thus: "O Thou, who art the *sine qua non* of our hopes, the *ne plus ultra* of our desires"; or of his reading an entire chapter in Greek to his congregation, excusing himself for this, as it would appear to some scoffers, obtrusive display of learning by saying, "My people must forgive me, but I could not refrain from reading the original, it is so much more euphonious than"—as I suppose the learned Divine concluded, for I forget the precise words—our bald and inexpressive translation in uncouth Saxon. If you are yet an unbeliever in the Doctor's linguistic skill, let me advise you to consult the pages of the Prospectus, Circular, Synopsis, or whatever else the Doctor calls it, of Ingham University, of which he is, at once, the ornament and the head.

If I were not afraid of occupying too much of your valuable space, I should be tempted to quote largely from the aforesaid Synopsis in evidence of the Doctor's thorough mastery of Latinistic English and critical acquaintance with the rules of composition and—punctuation. Let, therefore, two or three brief specimens of the Doctor's felicity and copiousness of expression suffice. Thus, from page 24, Synopsis of 1858:

"☞ For our own pupils mainly, we add, first that ALTIOR, comparative of ALTUS, advanced, high, educated too; formerly ALITUS, nourished, trained, developed—from *alo, alere*, to feed, foster, rear; from the same root, with proper affinity of meaning, as ALUMNUS—ALUMNA; classic titles used, in all the republic of letters, for the graduated sons and daughters of ALMA MATER; *alma*, cherishing, nursing, augmenting; from the same root, also; the beautiful and superior correlate of ALUMNUS, ALUMNA. HENCE ALTIOR is every way appropriate to a graduated daughter of the University; meaning nothing proud or haughty; but advanced to the first GRADUS CLASSICUS; because fostered, educated, developed, to befit and to grace the modest eminence.

"Second; CLARIOR, from *clarus*, clear; in its secondary sense, renowned, distinguished, elevated; eclaircised in perception, in vision, in comprehension; as more mature, with mental horizon more clear, expansive, cloudless, in its atmosphere."

This quotation must suffice, as I find great difficulty in making a selection where all is so grand, eloquent, expressive, and impressive! To me, indeed, the whole Synopsis reads something like—yet, oh! how different from—Carlyleism—run mad; but this may, perhaps justly, be attributed to my obfuscity of mind—pardon me, if I use a word that may not be found in any but the Coxian dictionary—and not to any idea of the learned Doctor that the *ignobile vulgus*, not having been favored with like advantages of education and observation with himself, are too apt to accept "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*," and to take it for granted that the deficiency lies, not in the words employed, but in their own inability to comprehend such sonorous and profoundly significant language.

And now, sir, will you permit me to express the hope that, in any future reference to this distinguished divine and gentleman, you will not forget the courtesy due to one so eminent in the Church, the State, the country, and the world!

Yours truly, CANTAB.

P. S. I should like to ascertain the learned Doctor's authority for the use of the epithet "*vernacular*" as applied to *colleges* and *curiosities*, see pp. 18 and 34 of aforesaid Synopsis.

DR. CHEEVER AT ROCHESTER.—A friend at Rochester, writing under date of April 25, says: "Dr. Cheever's lecture, delivered here last Thursday, was the same that I heard in Albany, only it was enriched by new illustrations and fresh allusions to passing events. Not a brother D.D. of any note came to hear him; his audience, about 200 in number, was made up of those who usually go to anti-slavery meetings. Dr. Shaw, who is said to pray every Sunday for the slave, did not show himself on the occasion; Dr. Edwards, pastor of the Plymouth Church—the Ward Beecher Church of Rochester, in which S. D. Porter, J. O. Bloss and others making anti-slavery professions are worshippers—was not present; Mr. Ellingwood, pastor of the new Central Presbyterian Church, was missing, and so also was Mr. Boardman, of the 2d Baptist Church, who has an anti-slavery reputation, resting upon the circumstance that he was driven from South Carolina for expressing disapprobation of the Brooks outrage upon Sumner. Only two or three obscure clergymen came to hear the lecture. What a lighting-up of the Church's mask of hypocrisy by Dr. Cheever! Surely he is, virtually, as much ostracised from the 'Brotherhood of Thieves' as Stephen Foster himself; and his logic is quite as inevitable as Foster's. It does seem as if he were specially raised up to put to open shame the Pharisees of our day—to prove to the world that it is not and never has been the heresy of our anti-slavery lecturers, but their uncompromising anti-slavery that has led the pro-slavery Church to cry, 'Infidel! infidel!' in the very spirit in which the ancient Pharisees cried, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'"

Rochester, it should be remembered, is a great centre and focus of evangelical influence. Probably no other city in the country has been so often the scene of "powerful revivals of religion." It was there that Finney labored, time and again, for months together, gathering people into the Church by thousands. And yet, when Dr. Cheever, whose orthodoxy is as unimpeachable as his logic is convincing, goes to that city to speak for the slave, his clerical brethren,

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Rufus Choate has been confined to his house by illness during the last fortnight.

Senator William H. Seward left New York for Europe in the steamer which sailed on the 4th of May. He has taken passage for Europe by the steamship Niagara, which sails from Boston on the 18th instant. His visit is to be for recreation and health. He will pass the summer in England.

Rev. William H. Channing, of Liverpool, England, will accept the call of the 13th Congregational Society of Boston, as successor of the Rev. Mr. Coolidge.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, has been invited to deliver the Address before the Literary Societies of Antioch College on the 28th of June, and has, we learn, accepted the invitation.

A correspondent of the Boston *Courier*, writing from Florence under date of April 2d, says:

"Hon. Charles Sumner is here, absorbed in art, but looking worse than I had expected. He is obliged to lie in bed until noon to rest his spine, which still troubles him greatly."

A correspondent suggests that the friends of freedom and free discussion would do well to observe with appropriate demonstrations the 22d of May, the anniversary of Brooks's brutal assault upon Charles Sumner. The day falls, this year, upon Sunday, and he thinks the memorable event would be an appropriate subject for the pulpit as well as the rostrum.

Horace Greeley will, on Monday next, start for California, by the overland route, through Kansas and the alleged gold region at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, Utah and the Great Basin. He will return in September, by the same route or by the Isthmus, as circumstances shall dictate. He will correspond with *The Tribune* in his absence.

In a letter to the editor of *The Critic*, Mrs. Martineau writes: "I did not contribute to *Household Words* from the first; I never was a 'principal contributor'; I never had the advantage of more than the slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, who was never, therefore, my 'old friend'; I have never 'quarrelled with Mr. Dickens'; I withdrew from *Household Words* a year and a half before the disgraceful attack on the millowners appeared in it; and my withdrawal was for a reason which bore no relation to any views of Mr. Dickens on economical or social subjects."

A Boston paper, in alluding to the *Atlantic Monthly*, says of Mrs. Stowe:

"She has a decidedly original way of composition. Wherever the fit seizes her, no matter at what hour or place, she is oblivious of everything else It is not unusual to see her putting the finishing touches to some of her sentences, or correcting the proof-sheets, at the countingroom of Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, her publishers. I saw her there the other day, amid the hubbub of business. Writing the closing paragraphs for the June number of the *Atlantic*, as unconcernedly as if she had been at home in the seclusion of her own library."

CHRISTIAN COLONIZATION IN THE SLAVE STATES.

OFFICE AM. EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD CO., NEW YORK, April 18th, 1859.

OLIVER JOHNSON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I had hoped to attend the anniversary of your Anti-Slavery Society in May, but shall not be able to do so.

I would like to invite the attention of your Society to an additional mode of treating the slavery question, not altogether new, for our Homestead Company has tested the efficiency of the mode I recommend. I refer to the plan of Christian colonization in the border slave States by organized emigration, which can be made not only highly profitable as a pecuniary and financial operation, but can also be made the most efficient method of extending the empire of freedom and genuine civilization. It is well known that the price of land cursed with the presence of slavery is not more than one-fourth that of similar lands blessed with the institutions of freedom. It is therefore easy to see that the purchase of large quantities of these lands at slave State prices, and planting upon them the schools, churches, habits of industry and all the elements of enlightened free society, would be a good financial enterprise.

Nor can there be any doubt but that as a missionary movement it would be equally successful. My own experience satisfies me that a given amount of effort in favor of freedom in the presence of slavery will produce ten times the effect of the same effort at a distance. This view of the subject is also strengthened by the highest authority. We have the example of the Great Reformer, who, in order to bless the world, bad as it was, came right into it, and who, when he desired to heal any particular subject, laid his ungloved hands upon that subject. Nor was he deterred from his purpose by any considerations of personal peril, which has been an objection urged by some professed reformers against going into our Southern States. It must be admitted that heretofore there would have been danger to those who should expose the evils of slavery in any of the Southern States. But I am confident that danger no longer exists in the border States. In Virginia, for the last year, I have been in the habitual practice of expressing opinions on the subject of slavery, for which I must have paid in blood or banishment two or three years ago. It is very demonstrable that freedom may, in this way, like godliness, be made "profitable for the life that now is as well as that which is to come."

In the little State of Delaware, comprising only three counties, nearly all the slaves are found in the southern County of Sussex, which by the last census was appraised at $8 per acre, while the northern County of Newcastle, without slaves, was, at the same time, valued at over $28 per acre.

The following statistics of several counties in Virginia will give more convincing proof of the truth of my views. Let it be remembered that the slave counties lie near tide water, have much the best surface, been much longest settled and have every advantage, except their slavery, over the free counties.

	Acres.	Valuation.	Value per acre.	Freemen.	Slaves.
Hancock	49 739	$1,181 512	$23 75	4 047	3
Brooke	52,441	1 316 591	25 10	5,023	31
Ohio	59 731	2 025 951	34 00	17,842	164
Southampton	335,691	1 068,103	3 01	7,766	5,755
Greenville	156,988	427,173	2 70	1,854	3,785

If some of your rich men will invest their money and come amongst us, I will not only promise them large profits, but a much more patient and respectful hearing than they had in Boston twenty-five years ago.

Yours for freedom and humanity,
JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, has refused to speak at the meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, which treats slavery itself as a sin and proposes its abolition; but we understand that the *Boston* American Tract Society, which vehemently disclaims being an Abolition Society and only proposes fraternally to *discuss* "those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery" and "those moral evils which it is known to promote," is to have the benefit of his eloquence and of the *éclat* that goes with his name. That he should shrink from taking his stand boldly and unequivocally by the side of Dr. Cheever does not, in view of his past course, much surprise us; but we confess ourselves astonished at his blindness and folly in plunging into the abyss of compromise opened by the unscrupulous managers of the *Boston* American Tract Society. That Society is treacherous alike to Christianity and to the anti-slavery cause, and it is not creditable to Mr. Beecher's moral discernment that he should consent to give it his aid and support.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE TRIALS.—We have not yet learned the result of the trial of C. H. Langston, the second on the list of the Oberlin "culprits." We know, however, that the Supreme Court of Ohio has denied the application for a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of Bushnell and his associates, on the ground that it is not legally competent for a State Court to interfere with a process of the Federal Court *while the proceedings against the prisoners are still pending and undetermined.* May we infer from this that the writ will be granted, if applied for, *after* the U. S. Court has exhausted its power in passing sentence upon those who have been or may be convicted? We hope this the meaning of the Court, but are not sure.

BORDER METHODISM.—Pro-slavery leaders of the Northern Methodist Church pretend that its influence in the border slave States is constantly and steadily exerted against slavery, but the Rev. Mr. Blackford, a minister of that Church in Missouri, in reply to interrogatories addressed to him by the Rev. H. Mattison, admits that *private* members of the Church in that State buy and sell slaves with impunity whenever it suits their convenience, and that many *official* members—stewards, leaders and trustees—hold slaves with impunity. We have no doubt that this testimony is true.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....NO. II.

PARIS, April 14.

IN my last letter, I spoke of the condition of Italy in general. In this I will enter into particulars, beginning with Naples as the part most especially interesting at the present hour.

We often hear men expressing surprise when real events are found far surpassing in interest the inventions of fiction—as if fiction were anything else than a more or less perfect copy from reality; and yet one cannot help being struck, as if it were something strange, with the poetical justice in act of administration in the case of Poerio and his companions, now, after long years of suffering, just beginning to draw free breath; while, at the very moment, the King of Naples is seized with a horrible malady, which now threatens to end his life, if, indeed, he be not already dead.

What we have just learned from Naples is to the following effect: The King has been for three months covered with abscesses, which cause him the most horrible suffering. Never, says one of his doctors, did a victim of the inquisition suffer such fearful torture. Reduced by the violence of a constant fever, and forced by exhaustion to a stimulating regimen, the remedy feeds the disease. The august invalid is shut up in his palace at Caserta, and sees no one but the Queen, his doctor and his servants. When, from time to time, a surgical operation lessens the severity of his sufferings, and he receives, during the short interval, either his brothers or some dignitary of the Court or the Church, the official papers announce the convalescence of his majesty, and the prospect of his speedy restoration. The usual counsel of ministers then takes place, presided over by the hereditary prince, or by the eldest son of the queen. After the session, the ministers are introduced into the apartment of the King, and, *without seeing him*, kiss the hand which he extends from the closed curtains of his bed. The court newspaper then announces that his majesty presided at the ministerial council.

All the affairs of Europe, and even what passes in Naples, is all carefully concealed from the King.

Thus you see that one of the many difficulties of the present diplomatic crisis lies in the impossibility of the participation of the Neapolitan government in the settlement of the Italian question.

The Queen never leaves the royal bedside, and is anxiously awaiting the moment when her influence may be overthrown. It is said that a court intrigue has been discovered, tending to substitute her eldest son in the executive power, in place of the hereditary prince, son of the late Queen Marie Christine, of the royal house of Carignan and daughter of the late Victor Emanuel. I do not believe in these rumors, and still less in the very current idea in Naples that certain members of the police had been sent for to Caserta to provoke a popular demonstration in favor of the young Comte de Trapani. But it is certainly true that this prince is deep in the affairs of government, that he sits at the Board of Ministers with and in spite of his eldest brother, and that a large party is formed against the legitimate heirs of the throne, who do all in their power to discredit him in the public opinion and accuse him at once of obstinacy, weakness and ferocity; and these intrigues confuse and trouble public opinion, and are not without their ill effects on the dynasty. The hereditary prince disconcerts, by strange contradictions, the serious minds who seek to discover the truth. He leads a very secluded life, and is evidently kept at a distance, isolated from court, and, above all, from the city. He is watched like a revolutionist, a prisoner in Caserta, and even in close confinement. His education has been ill-directed, his teaching much neglected, not without intention or without effort. While yet an infant he was placed exclusively in the hands of the priests, and they have spared no pains to teach him *nothing*, and have *succeeded in perfection*. He is very assiduous in the practices of devotion, his bed is completely covered with crucifixes, rosaries and amulets, and he passes the greater part of the day muttering pater-nosters and Ave Marias. Timid and almost shy in the presence of strangers, he knows no one and no one knows him. He has, nevertheless, his party among the royalists and the very moderate liberals. These attribute to him the most excellent intentions. They believe him to be kept down by the authority of the King and the hatred of the Queen, and forced, like the ancient Roman, to play the part of a brute until he shall show himself to be a Brutus. They assume that his exaggerated devotion is but a feint to disarm suspicion, and they cite various actions of firmness and benevolence; and promise in his name, immediately on his accession to the throne, the constitution and a general amnesty. But, though this party has at its head some of the highest personages, it is doubtful if they are in the confidence of the Prince, and thus far it is by no means proved that he is either led by or leads them. The only influence on which the most serious minds can found any hope is that of the Duchess of Calabria, his wife. It is notorious that from the first day of her arrival at Naples this young princess entered into direct opposition to the Queen. It has at present been only shown by small insubordinations, which seem without importance, but which are in strange contrast to the rigid strictness of the court, an extravagant luxury of dress and passion for pleasure, a taste for hunting and horses, and, since we must tell all, the cigar makes its appearance in broad daylight and in the open air. But the young duchess has held out against reproof and remonstrance, and proves thus that she can resist and will know how to command. She is very affable with certain persons who are now at the head of the opposition, always the road to power just before a new reign. The General Filangieri,* for example, is one of her most favored friends. It is, however, feared that she will not be favorable to the Italian movement. Her family, indeed, owes all its importance to Austria. She and she alone animates a little, by her youth and vivacity, the palace of Caserta, which is more like a hospital than the seat of a court, and has already the appearance of a tomb, closed to all visitors and hiding from all eyes its royal patient, crowded with priests, who bring relics and miraculous objects thus to restore the poor King, abandoned by the physicians. The palace recalls forcibly the gloomy scenes so strikingly painted by St. Simon, of Versailles during the last days of Louis XIV.

In the midst of all these are the Muratist intrigues. Prince Lucian Murat, of whom I believe you in America have no very pleasant recollections, has been raised by the success of Louis Napoleon from poverty to affluence. He has never renounced the hope of regaining the throne of Naples. Hitherto his low personal character and scandalous private life have not encouraged Louis Napoleon to favor his pretensions. Now Murat and his party, among whom, I am sorry to say, may be found names of whom one would have expected better things, hope that the present political events will force Louis Napoleon to further their views. The present government in Naples is so odious that a few promises of constitution and liberalism would go far. On the other hand, the establishment of a French dynasty would be very repugnant to the Neapolitan patriots. They wish for and would support a liberal *Italian* dynasty.

While speaking of Italy and the Italians, I am reminded to tell you a little incident which is making much talk here just now, concerning one of our young litterateurs, M. About, of whom you may have heard. He is the author of Tolla and a few other novels and tales of some merit. He first distinguished himself by a book on Greece, where he had been recently travelling. The principal merit of this book was its lively wit and vivacious manner of telling his various adventures. Nearly a year ago, M. About was sent to Rome by this government, to which he early sold his talent; and as they do not possess many with even a semblance of that most desirable gift, they paid him largely for it, and sent him on this mission to Rome. During his stay there, he contributed letters every week to the official journal of government, *The Moniteur*, and he exercised his wit on the priesthood, the cardinals, and their manners in Rome, in such a way as highly to displease the Papal government, so that they made a diplomatic complaint that such letters should be published in the accredited organ of the French government, and at the same time gave notice to leave Rome to the writer. Since his return he has completed his work, and it is all printed, and waits only the permission of government to appear. The critical state of Italian affairs has hitherto prevented its publication, but a few extracts in the Belgian papers have highly excited public curiosity. Among other things there is a very piquant description of Cardinal Antonelli, the prime minister of the Papal government, giving an account of his birth and parentage, and showing how, though born of a Bandit family, he found it more convenient to gratify his passion for plunder and violence, and even assassination, as a Cardinal.

*He who, in 1848, repressed the insurrection in Sicily. He has now entered the ranks of the moderate opposition.

Remembering that American interests and honor are at the mercy of the ambassadorial tools of slavery in every despotic court, I venture, at some risk of being supposed trifling in my estimates of what should be the subjects of European correspondence, to tell you just how those courts are composed, and what the situation of their affairs. Your countrymen are, I know, always as ready, in their contempt for royalties, to take pride in their ignorance of these matters while they remain at home as they are to be puffed up by a superficial view of them on coming abroad. But neither ignorance nor a superficial view are safe, while the envoys of republican tyrants are selling the freedom of the United States, and all that favorably distinguishes them as a nation, to obtain the smiles of monarchical and imperial tyrants.

Hence it is that the foregoing may be a better subject for this letter, while all eyes are turned towards Italy, than the questions which I promised should form the subject of it. What the results of the present events will be for these unfortunate countries, it is impossible to predict. I hope in my next letter to be able to tell you something more definite.

Our Washington Correspondence.

A TRIP INTO VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1859.

I HAVE recently made a somewhat singular trip into the interior of Virginia, and propose to give a hurried sketch of it to your readers, for I think that some of the facts I have gathered may interest them.

The purpose of my trip was to attend—with my excellent friend, Lewis Clephane of *The Era* office—to the manumission of the white slave Ellen, about whom so much noise has recently been made in the Philadelphia and New York journals and pulpits.

A steamboat sail of fifty or sixty miles brought us to the mouth of Occuia Creek, where we took a ricketty railway for Fredericksburgh. The road runs directly to Richmond and is the mail route, yet from the creek to Fredericksburgh the old flat rail is used, and the cars and road are in a dilapidated condition. We arrived at the little city which was the place of our destination at noon, the distance from the creek being fifteen miles. At the dépôt we were met by a prominent citizen of the town, who escorted us at once to his office. A striking scene was soon presented to us. The office was dark and dingy, the furniture a hundred years old, and the persons present—I will inventory them. First, the proprietor of the office, *Ellen's uncle;* second, a negro-trader; third, a slaveholder; fourth, Mr. Clephane and the writer—two anti-slavery men. Was not this a singular group?

Before I go further in my sketch of the incidents of the day, let me go back a little.

A few years since, a Virginian Judge owned a fine plantation, just opposite Fredericksburgh, of seven hundred acres of land. The house itself cost some twenty thousand dollars, for the owner was a very wealthy man. The Judge died and left his property to his widow, who was a kind-hearted old lady, meaning to do well by the slaves on the estate. *She* made a will, or rather called in one of the best lawyers of the county to do it for her, wherein she gave to all her slaves who should choose it their freedom, with a sum of money sufficient to start them in business in some free State. The will was drawn up with great care, and was finally submitted to a Judge of the Court of Appeals, who pronounced it without a flaw. The widow died, leaving behind her ninety-six slaves and a large amount of real estate. The bulk of the last-mentioned property went to her daughter, who was married to a young planter. According to the terms of the will, the slaves were allowed to choose freedom or slavery, and *every one* of the ninety-six chose freedom. According to Virginia law, a freed slave may remain a twelvemonth on Virginia soil and no longer, so the colored people of the estate either lingered upon it or in the city close at hand, all making their arrangements to leave the State. The will had been proved in Probate Court, and the matter, as was supposed by the people of Fredericksburgh, was finished. But the husband of the heir to the estate did not like to part with $100,000 worth of property without a contest, and *the lawyer who drew up the will* carried the case to the Court of Appeals, and there tried to break the very will he made! Consider this picture of Virginia generosity and honor a moment. The son of the good-hearted old lady, who *intended* certainly to set her slaves free, tries, by a flaw in the will, to defeat his mother's intentions; and the lawyer who was confided in to make a good will, one which would stand the test of the Courts, *himself* broke the will! The point made by the lawyer was that no slave, according to Virginia statute *a thing*, an article, can be supposed *to choose*, for that would imply free will—in other words, freedom. The Court consisted of five Judges, and three of them sustained the argument of the lawyer, and the ninety-six negroes were declared still to be slaves! At one blow the rights and the freedom of near a hundred human beings were struck down. The feeling in all that region was one of horror, and public sentiment did not sustain the decision. The slaves which preferred were allowed the privilege of remaining upon the estate. Among them was one nearly white, who had been the mistress of one of the prominent citizens of Fredericksburgh. When she was asked by her master if she would rather remain, she replied, fiercely, "No, Mr. ——, I would sooner die than remain with you another day!" The poor woman's distressing disappointment in being deprived of her freedom had broken her heart. She was sold off at once, and now is wearily wearing out the remnant of her life upon an Alabama plantation.

This woman is *the mother* of that white slave—Ellen—who recently so excited the sympathies of the good people of Brooklyn and New York. Ellen and her five children were slaves upon the same estate, and, under the peculiar circumstances, and as Ellen's father was an acquaintance of the planter, he offered to sell the whole lot, worth $2,500, for $1,000, that they might be freed. Was not this a wonderful generosity? Out of ninety-six slaves, he would free *five* white ones on payment of $1,000. Ellen's father, though a short time ago quite wealthy, was at this time unable to raise any money, owing to attachments on his property, the result of bad speculations and the late monetary panic. In this juncture of affairs, a negro-trader stepped forward, bought Ellen and the children, and gave her leave to go North and raise the money.

And now we were in Fredericksburgh, with the money to secure the manumission of the five white slaves. After some preliminary talk, we all walked up to the Probate-office and saw the deed of manumission made out.

The negro-dealer frequently spoke of slavery as a cursed institution—wished he was out of the business, and declared that in the course of a dozen years he had freed nearly as many slaves. We found this statement to be perfectly true. The conduct of this man was generous and kind from first to last, and I found that he is generally regarded by the slaves in the town as their friend, for he frequently helps them to freedom, and always gives them a choice of a master if possible. He has never been engaged to any extent in the Southern trade.

The slaveholder who was a witness to the transaction has not sold a slave for years, and has only bought when beseeched to do so by slaves in danger of being taken away from the place. He intimated his purpose of freeing his slaves, and condemned the institution in the severest terms. "It is a damnable institution," said the negro-trader—I quote his very words—and the slaveholder backed up the assertion.

The father of Ellen's children is a young white man, who for some years held a place of importance in Fredericksburgh. He left some time since for California, deserting wife and children. Two of Ellen's little girls I saw, and prettier children never walked the earth. One of them has golden hair, soft blue eyes, and the figure of a sylph. When I saw her I could not contain myself for shame, anger and tears. The little girl bears her father's name, as Ellen has always openly borne hers. Ellen's father has always been very kind to her, and has given her whatever she asked for, and offered to give all he had to save her from slavery. Knowing that by will she was left free, and for years before her mistress's death she was practically so, he had felt secure as to her future welfare. I saw Ellen's grandmother, a fine old lady, who for a long term of years was nurse in the plantation-house. She told me that her mistress freed her, previous to her death, and sent her to New York, but afterwards, growing homesick for her old nurse, sent for her, and she had the satisfaction of closing her mistress's eyes in death. "I have shrouded four masters and two mistresses," said she, "but as soon as my last mistress was dead, the new master wouldn't let me stay on the place. He drove me off right away!" Another touch of slaveholding hospitality, this! The old woman had spent three-quarters of a century on this estate as a faithful nurse—and was now driven off by the heir. *She* was free beyond his power. This old woman was the mother of the high-spirited woman who was sold off to Alabama for reproving her master.

While I was in Fredericksburgh, one of its citizens, a man, too, of honorable position, was absent in a free State settling five of his children and their mother. They were all by Virginia law *slaves*, and he was obliged to take them out of the State.

I might go on for hours in detailing facts which came to my knowledge in twenty-four hours, at a single town in a slave State. What, then, is the history of the entire South? The slaves in that region are a sad race. The old woman referred to could not speak of her children without tears. No white man pretended that the slaves were happy, or that they were contented with slavery. It would have been a self-evident lie.

The people of the North have but a faint conception of the horrors of slavery. I do not refer to the scanty food or the savage punishments of the slaves, but the heart-rending partings which make the slave-breeding State especially a living hell.

D. S. T.

A PHILADELPHIA MERCHANT AND HIS ALABAMA CREDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR late truthful report of the treatment of a Market street merchant has caused me to feel it my duty to communicate another affair, equally outrageous and insulting to the dignity and honor of our country. I am well acquainted with the facts of the Hoskins, Heiskell & Co. case, and also know the following to be true.

The highly respectable firm of Peter Waples & Co., engaged in the wholesale clothing business on Market street, contracted a bad debt with a house in Huntsville, Alabama, amounting to about $2,500. The prior of the house, Mr. Peter Waples, went to collect the debt, and, there being every evidence of fraud, procured a requisition from the Governor of this State upon the Governor of Alabama, to deliver up the dishonest debtor. With all his papers properly prepared, he proceeded with an officer and had the party arrested and confined in a room. A short time afterwards, a mob appeared at the door, demanding admittance. Being refused, they burst it open and seized the prisoner.

Mr. Waples is a man of small stature, possessed of great presence of mind, and very much of a gentleman. He was unarmed and alone! He recognized several of the leading men of the place. What could he do? They said, "You in the North refuse to give up our property, and we will not let you have yours." One man, with a knife drawn, rushed up to him and took him by the throat and said, "If you advance one step, to prevent the prisoner escaping, I will cut your heart out."

Mr. Waples happens to be a Northern man with Southern principles, who at one time lived in the South, and he replied: "Gentlemen, I am here, as you see me, a small man, unarmed and alone. I come from Philadelphia, but I am a Southern man in feeling. I know what Southern honor is. If you insist upon taking this man away, of course I cannot prevent it—I am at your mercy."

With this they took the man, and Mr. Waples returned home with little hope of ever receiving a single dollar from the party.

Comment is unnecessary. Let these statements go before a virtuous and enlightened people, and let them stand side by side with the vaunted motto of our State, "Virtue, Liberty and Independence," and then let the inquiry be made: Shall not the General Government protect us?

Your friend and patron,
A. H. L.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. V. Chartreuse—Cougar. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 770.

WE have in this volume fruits of the same patient industry and research, the same scholarly comprehensiveness, the same scientific accuracy, the same candor and impartiality, that marked its predecessors. When we consider the intrinsic difficulties that beset such a work—difficulties arising from the immense number and variety of the topics to be treated and the different opinions entertained by men of science and letters—the wonder is, not that we can point to a few minor inaccuracies here and there, to an ill-judged omission in one place, or a redundancy in another, but that the number of serious mistakes is so small. Of course we do not lay claim to a breadth of scientific and literary acquirement sufficient to enable us to criticize such a work at all points, but, having found it reliable upon subjects with which we do happen to be familiar, we do not hesitate to accredit the judgment of others as to its reliability and accuracy upon topics that lie beyond our own field of observation. The editors have succeeded in enlisting the cooperation of a large number of the best scholars in the land. Among those who have contributed to this or some of the preceding volumes are the following: George Bancroft, Victor Beaumont, C. J. Biddle, B. Gratz Brown, Edward Brown Sequard, M. D., of Paris, Rev. Geo. Bush, D.D., Charles T. Congdon, George W. Curtis, R. H. Dana, Jr., Hugh Doherty, William Dorsheimer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett, Prof. C. C. Felton, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Sydney H. Gay, Parke Godwin, Horace Greeley, Nathan Hale, Jr., C. C. Hazewell, Thomas Hicks, Richard Hildreth, George S. Hillard, Rev. T. Starr King, Rev. A. A. Livermore, Frederic L. Olmsted, Rev. Samuel Osgood, Prof. Theophilus Parsons, Edmund Quincy, W. H. Seward, W. S. Thayer, George Tickuor, H. T. Tuckerman, E. L. Yeoumans.

Of the subjects treated in this volume the following are among those of the greatest popular interest, viz.: Cheese, Chemistry, Chess, Chimney, China, Chinese Language and Literature, Chivalry, Chloroform, Cholera, Christianity, Chronology, Cigar, Circulation (of the blood), Classics, Clergy, Climate, Clouds, Clocks and Watches, Clover, Coal, Coal Products, Code, Coffee, Coins, Color-Blindness, Commerce, Common Law, Common Schools, Comparative Anatomy, Complexion, Conchology, Congregationalism, Connecticut, Constantinople, Consumption, Copper, Copper Mines, Copts, Costume, Cotton, Cotton Manufacture.

Of the biographical sketches we note the following: George B. Cheever, Lydia Maria Child (by S. H. Gay), Rufus Choate, Louis Gaylord Clark, James Freeman Clarke, Thomas Clarkson, Henry Clay (very long, by H. Greeley), John M. Clayton, De Witt Clinton (by W. H. Seward), William Cobbett, S. T. Coleridge, George and Andrew Combe, James Fennimore Cooper, Thos. Corwin.

One merit of this Cyclopedia is its special adaptedness to the wants of American scholars and men of business. In this respect it has no rival.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for May contains the following articles:

I. The Parsees, or Fire-Worshippers.
II. Chateaubriand.
III. The History and Doctrine of the Devil.
IV. The Pioneer (Methodist) Bishop.
V. Masson's Life of Milton.
VI. Bunsen on Channing.
VII. Review of Current Literature.

These themes are all treated in a manner worthy of the reputation so fairly earned by this organ of Liberal opinions. The next number will open a new volume—the fifth of the New Series—and will be printed on entirely new type. *The Examiner* is published bi-monthly, in January, March, May, July, September and November. The editors are Rev. F. H. HEDGE, D.D., and Rev. E. E. HALE. The publisher is Rev. T. B. FOX, 21 Bromfield street, Boston; the agents in New York, C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway. Terms, $4 per annum.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune.*

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active cooperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHORMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH A. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

*** The editor of the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate* would confer a favor on the Abolitionists of this country and render a service to the cause, by giving the above notice, or the substance thereof, a place in its columns. Other English journals exchanging with us are also invited, for the cause's sake, to bring the same to the notice of their readers.—ED. STANDARD.

CARL SCHURZ IN FANEUIL HALL.—We copy (on the first page) with the warmest satisfaction a few extracts from the noble speech of this worthy countryman of our never-forgotten Follen. How different is its note from the creakings of the little partisan press which calls itself Republican while doing the testamentary fetching and carrying of defunct old Whiggism at Boston, as residuary legatee of its little ways of getting up its Mount Vernon balls, burials and ballotings, all on one ticket, while planting the city post-office under its eaves, only to be disappointed of its patronage.

All these little *political* sweatings and strivings, falsely so called, are in vain. The American heart will not much longer bear the meanness that insults the living sons of freedom while building the dead fathers' sepulchres. The gathering anti-slavery spirit will soon make short work of all this funeral, festal, postal "truck and dicker," calling itself Republicanism.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE CASE IN OHIO.—The following despatches appeared in the daily papers of Wednesday.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, May 3.—A fugitive slave named Jackson, of Clarksburg, Va., was arrested here last night and taken before Judge Marsh, who this morning decided that the prisoner was illegally held, and discharged him. Immediately after his discharge he was rearrested, put in irons, and driven to the dépôt for the purpose of taking him to Wheeling. A desperate effort was made by the negroes to rescue him, and during the excitement clubs and pistols were freely used, and several persons were badly injured. The attempt at rescue proved unsuccessful. Meanwhile a writ was served on the Marshal, commanding him to bring the prisoner before the court. This point has not yet been settled. The excitement in regard to the matter still continues very great.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, May 4.—Jackson, the fugitive slave, was this morning delivered to his master, to be taken back to Virginia. A large crowd followed the parties to the railroad dépôt, but there was no attempt at a rescue.

Summary.

The Republic of Hayti has commissioned two colored gentlemen, Touissant and Merdon, as Ministers to London, where they have been received officially.

At a dinner party lately, a lady was asked as to her politics, and she replied, "a straight-out silver-gray Whig." "Look at her closely, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. John Van Buren, "for I assure you that the male species of that 'animal' is entirely exhausted."

THE RETURNED AFRICANS.—A letter from Monrovia says that the Echo's negroes have been distributed along the coast by the Colonization Society, and placed under teachers for intellectual and moral training. The effects of their close confinement at sea, and the salt provisions which they were obliged to eat, the letter says, have begun to manifest themselves in curious and offensive ulcers.

The *Cleveland Herald* says that Delia Webster, the Yankee school ma'am who has been driven out of Kentucky two or three times, put in prison once and robbed of her property there, because suspected of abolition sentiments, has lately arrived in Madison, Indiana, with thirty families from Massachusetts, and intends to start a shoe factory on her farm in Milton, Kentucky. Whether she will be allowed to remain remains to be seen.

A SAD MISTAKE.—A man living near Nashville, who had been absent in California some three years, on coming home recently, found a babe only three months old lying in the cradle. With a cruelty utterly diabolical, he at once cut off the infant's ears to avenge his "wounded honor." The screams of the little sufferer called in the family, when the infuriated man learned that the child belonged to a neighbor who was visiting his wife. He had to flee to escape a lynching.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—Quite an excitement has been created among the denizens of the Bayou Rœul section of country by the sudden elopement of the son of a wealthy and highly respectable planter with his mother's maid servant, a slave, so near white as to have been taken, at times, for a daughter of the house. They are supposed to have gone to Texas, with the intention, as learned from an intercepted note of the young man, of consummating matrimony.—*Central (La.) Organ, 28th ult.*

A FREE PULPIT.—Rev. S. Garber, a minister of the Dunker denomination, recently preached a sermon in Washington County, Tenn., in which, after alluding in general terms to the sin of oppression, he stated that slavery might be included under that head, but that was a subject on which he did not feel at liberty to speak. A great excitement ensued, and a few days after the reverend gentleman was arrested for preaching an abolition sermon, and fined $234, notwithstanding that the church before which he delivered the obnoxious discourse unanimously testified that there was nothing said by him which could justify the charge of preaching special against slavery.

GOV. WISE AND THE SCRIPTURES.—Gov. Wise, in a recent letter to Hon. David Hubbard, says: "The Reubens have tried to sell me into

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO PARKER PILLSBURY.

My friend revered, you who have seen,
With vision clear and soul serene,
Whole decades of the history mean
With which our nation has defaced
The stainless page whereon it traced
The record of its shameful deeds,
For future times, I know there needs
No word of mine to place your worth
Among the noble names of earth,
Even if these, my simple rhymes,
Could hope to reach those after times
When what is life to you and me
To others shall be history.

Here, on a broader, vaster field
Than the world's story has revealed
Before, with purpose base and vile,
With cunning low and stealthy wile,
The demagogue still holds his place,
And boldly shows his brazen face—
Like to the poisonous mushroom,
That springs to life 'mid sultry gloom—
And, withering like a thing of ill,
Is followed soon by viler still.
On the dead level—drear expanse—
Of their own insignificance,
Here microscopic statesmen toil
For notoriety and spoil;
And fawn and cringe for wealth and place—
Most abject of the human race—
Far-stretching, in their motley dress,
In a long line of littleness;
While that vast army's hosts are led
By one who lends a deeper dread
Unto that name of hate and fear,
The abhorr'd name of buccaneer,
And steers the pirate ship of state
Straight on the hidden rocks of fate.

Here the weak mariner in the tide
Of the dark river, deep and wide,
Is onward swept, with mighty sweep,
Into that wide, unbounded deep
Where, the sole needle cast away
That shows the star of steady ray,
He laughs to scorn the God who yet
His bark, the swelling sails all set,
In wreck complete shall dash away
And leave no vestige to the day!

The weary exile here once more
Who, fleeing from his native shore,
Seeks, unsuspecting, now to stand
On Freedom's side, in Freedom's land,
By Despot Power is singled out,
Led to his hosts with deafening shout,
And with those cohorts dread is told,
And, will he nill he, is enrolled;
And though he fruitless struggle, still
Is moulded by that mighty will;
And by the side of beauteous youth,
That, knight-like, vows his heart of truth,
Looks on while Slavery twines and holds
Fair Freedom in its snaky folds,
And coldly lists his anguish-cry,
Laocoön in his agony!
Freedom! thou word of olden fame—
How little is there in a name,
And yet how much! A thoughtless herd,
Led captive by that magic word,
Here shout the praise of those who scorn
The man to honest labor born,
And to earth's lessons add this last,
That, after all the dangers past,
Freedom must fear the deadly steel
Most in the slumbering Commonweal!

My friend revered, your highest praise
It is that in these evil days—
These long, these wearing, wearying years,
Marked by dark millions' unseen tears—
Firm and undaunted you have stood,
Still battling for the true and good;
Forever steadfast for the right
While others, in ignoble flight,
Have left our scattered ranks and thin,
Where treachery oft has entered in—
With stalwart arm in battle brave,
And eye still fixed upon the slave,
Whom you have sought and seek to save.

Philadelphia, April, 1859. H. W. G.

A PRINCELY CHARITY.

[Not many months ago, a beautiful park containing twelve or thirteen acres of land, tastefully laid out and ornamented with marble statuary and a fountain, was formally opened to the people of Halifax (Eng.) The cost of the park was about $150,000, and it was presented to the town by Frank Crossley as the "People's Park," the only condition of the gift being that bands of music should not be allowed there on Sunday, nor dancing at any time. Among the proceedings of the opening was the following address by Mr. Crossley, which strikes us as something quite remarkable in its way.]

THIS, gentlemen, is to me, not the proudest day of my life, but it is the humblest, for I see much honor paid to me this day to which I can lay no claim. I have simply done what I have thought to be my duty. Had I neglected to do the thing which I have done, I should have been guilty of gross neglect—not so much to my fellow-men as to the God who made men. And yet it is the happiest day of my life, because I see in it that which will make my fellow-townsmen a happy people for the time that I live, and I have reason to believe that they will be happy when I lie in that spot which shall know me no more forever. If I had been born of noble birth, or if I could have traced my origin (like some in this room) to a long line of ancestors which came over with William the Conqueror, however true it might be, it might not do good to do so. But, since I am of humble birth, perhaps it will be allowed to me to say a little of those who ought to share the honor which is heaped upon me. My mother was the daughter of a farmer who lived upon his own estate, and, although the estate was not large, it had been in that family for many generations, first as tenants, and afterwards as owners. That little estate is over the hill at Shibden vale, and is called the Scout.

Her father made the same error that Jacob made; Jacob made too much of Joseph, and her father made too much of Mary. My father was sensitive and quick in disposition; she said that right was not done to her at home, and she was determined to make her own way in the world, whatever the consequence might be. She went out to service, contrary to the wish of her father, in a little family at Warley. In that service, in her own person she did the work of kitchenmaid, of housemaid and of cook, and, in addition to that, she regularly milked six cows every night and morning, besides which she kept the house, which was not a small one, as clean as a little palace. But this was not enough to employ her willing hands. Her mistress took in wool or tops to spin, and she would do what scarcely a girl in Warley could have done—spin that wool to 36 hanks to the pounds, and thus earned many a guinea a year to her mistress, besides doing all the other work. My father, prior to the year 1800, was a carpet-weaver. One night he was taking his "drinking" at the loom. He laid his black bottle at the side of his loom, but by some means or other it fell down and broke. In attempting to catch the bottle, he cut his arm, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could stop it from bleeding, to save his life. He was for some time doing nothing, but one day his employer, Mr. Currer, said to him, "John, do you think you could manage to tie up a loom, as you cannot weave?" John replied that he should only be too happy to try. His master tried him, and found him so expert that he never allowed him again to go to the loom to weave. He was going hard on with the business of courtship, but the proud farmer said that he would never allow his daughter to marry a weaver or a foreman of weavers, and that one thing was certain—that if she ever married John Crossley, she should never see his face again. This was a great trouble to my mother; and when she had been asking counsel from One who never errs, she settled down to open her Bible and see what it said. Her eye caught the 27th Psalm and 10th verse: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." She did not doubt after that, and eventually he gave his consent to the marriage.

Many years after that—for I must not be too tedious—they took the Dean Clough Mill, from that highly respectable firm, S. & J. Waterhouse—a name I can never take upon my lips without a respect almost amounting to veneration, for the kindness which I know my father received from their father, and also the kindness which I have ever received at their hands. As my mother went with her usual energy to that place down the yard at 4 o'clock in the morning, she made a vow—"If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it." It is to this vow, given with so much faithfulness and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success my father had in business. My mother was always looking how best she could keep this vow. In the days that are gone by, when it was a dreary thing to give employment to a large number of people, the advice that she gave to her sons was, "Don't sell your goods for less than they cost, for it would ruin you without permanently benefiting any one; but if you can go on giving employment to some during the winter, do so, for it is a bad thing for a working man to go home and hear his children cry for bread, and not be able to give them any." I recollect that, one time, my friend Mr. Salt, calling to see my mother, she said, "You see, Mr. Salt, my sons have flown off, and have taken fine houses to live in, but it won't do for us all to leave this spot." She lived to a green old age, and she died in her eightieth year, having lived to see her children's children's children. One of the greatest treats she had in her old age was to fix a mirror in her room, so that while lying in bed she could see the happy countenances of those who were going to work or coming back again.

There is one fact connected with this town which has given me great pain—it is the fact that many an honest, hard-working, intelligent working man does not believe in the existence of a God. What I am about to relate now is for the benefit of that class, that they may not go stumbling into an unbeliever's grave as the horse rushes into the battle. What I am about to say now is what I have not told my dearest friend, not even the fair partner of my life; but when she reads the report of what I am about to say, she will remember that on the occasion when I returned from the walk I am about to relate, I asked her where those words were to be found in the Bible, "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." She is a helpmate in these things as well as in every other. On the 10th of Sept., 1853, I left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains of the United States. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery on that day which I ever saw in my life; and, indeed, more beautiful than I believe steam and power have brought us within sight of. I stood inside of the cars, from which I could see the tops of the mountains covered with all-glorious beauty. In America you have a much better chance of seeing the scenery than in this country, because instead of going through the hills, they go round them. The wheels are not fixed to the carriages, but they are placed upon swivels, and they go around curves where ours would not go at all. I remember that when we arrived at the hotel at the White Mountains, the ladies sat down to a cup of tea, but I preferred to take a walk alone. It was a beautiful spot. The sun was just then reclining his head behind Mount Washington, with all that glorious drapery of an American sunset which we know nothing of in this country. I felt that I should like to be walking with my God on the earth. I said, "What shall I render to my Lord for all His benefits to me?" I was led further to repeat that question which Paul asked under other circumstances—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came immediately. It was this: "It is true that thou canst not bring the many thousands thou hast left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery; but thou canst take this to them. It is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working man in Halifax; that he shall go and take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's toil, and be able to get home again without being tired." Well, that seemed to be a glorious thought! I retired home. My prayer that night was that in the morning I might be satisfied when I awoke that if it was only a mere thought fluttering across my brain, it might be gone; but if there was reality about it, there might be no doubt about it, and I might carry it into execution. I slept soundly that night; and when I awoke, my impression was confirmed. On the 10th of September, when I went to the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here of building a city. On the very day I returned I felt as convinced to carry it out as I was of my own existence, and never from that day to this have I hesitated for a moment whenever difficulties arose. I knew they might be overcome, and would be overcome. It is a happy day for me that I am permitted to see that result.

THE SEVENTEETH CENTURY.

LET us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically; and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that very earnestness which is now by some admired so highly was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published *

In 1630, a number of papist gentlemen in Aberdeen and Banffshires were pressed by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowance from the latter at the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly showing "that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner's son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect to his great age—in a town within Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath being allotted for his son and his family, and a third part for himself, he now findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise." Even this poor boon was denied as "unreasonable." About the same time, the Council received a petition from "Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her 'averseness and non conformity to the religion presently professed.' She was an old decrepit woman, past three-score and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with 'no earthly means to entertein herself but ane croft of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof.' The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, 'for the eschewing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion,' her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment."

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and prelacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly possessions. In 1643, we find one Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeenshire, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Brownite. A poor wheel-wright in Aberdeen, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should inherit the errors of their parents, or be sent for their education to France. The Marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, "*but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit.*" This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out; but at last she also was compelled to yield. "On the 9th of March, 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should *instantly* profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her 'how fearful a sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation.' The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Huntly, not a twelvemonth ago, beneath the stroke of the Maiden. She 'declared that she had no more doubts,' and, at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. 'After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to ho'd up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and subscribe the Covenant, and, before the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe.'"

As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them into a hypocritical submission.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. "Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, 'whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company.' There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave his brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn's children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He 'after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there.† On a second petition from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of £1,000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn's estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, 'where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him.' 'To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers,' the Lords 'discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him.' Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June, 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that 'none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife.'

"At length, on the 1st of January, 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordered to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr. George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile."

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favored the king on royal principles only, the Episcopalians in their turn practised similar severities at the Restoration against the more rigid Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerant feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their cures by Presbyterians, because unable to submit to Episcopalian regulations, and compensations claimed from their vacant stipends for Episcopalian ministers who had been deposed on equally insufficient grounds during the preceding twelve years. It was pitiable to hear at once of poor clergymen who had been thrown with their families into destitution for declining to sign the Covenant, and of others who were then threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when one party could take a lesson from the errors of the other. To quote the work referred to:

"The many petitions of the persecuted men of 1638–60 for redress are only slightly alluded to in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with those sufferings of proscribed Remonstrators which would never probably have had existence but for their own harsh doings in their days of power. He dwells with much feeling on the banishment passed upon Mr. John Livingstone, a preacher high in the esteem of the more serious people, and deservedly so. All must sympathize with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to find a Mr. Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a piteous recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1638, in consequence of his being then thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then constituted Episcopal government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingstone! Aird tells us that, being then 'redacted to great straits, he was at last necessitat to settle himself in Conray, in the diocese of the Isles, where his provision [patrimony] was,' that being 'so little that he was not able to maintain his family.' During the usurpation, 'by reason of his affection to his majesty, he was quartered upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost utter ruin.' The Lords recommended that Mr. Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy, whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr. James Hamilton, minister at Blantyre. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but Wodrow does not tell us of a petition which was about the same time addressed to the Council by the widow of Mr. John Heriot, the former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, 'the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had intruded one Mr. James Hamilton,' by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year."

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Romish party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Irving, brother of the Laird of Drum, was a zealot on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favor of popery. "His sister Elizabeth being deceased, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St. Nicolas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church there, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and 'that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papist there might the more appear,' he 'in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Comar, a band of Highlandmen, armed with guns, hagbuts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons.' These, 'after they had entered at the Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drum her lodging, where the corpse lay, in the Guestraw,' being resolved to affront and provoke the magistrates and people, 'had the confidence to march to the said house alongst , being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion.' On the morning of the day of the funeral, a gentleman went at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any 'inconvenience ensue therethrough,' it should be at the peril of the magistracy, who ought to restrain their people—'which was a practice without parallel for insolency and boldness.' 'About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, and a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, and carrying a crucifix under his cloak, or using some other superstitious ceremony.' The Highlandmen, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, 'and when they came to the church door, divers others of the company drew their swords and did hold them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was [being] buried.' 'In the throng, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded.' 'Next morning, the Highlandmen having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner did shoot and discharge their guns as they went by the provost's lodging.'

"Francis was found guilty of 'a high and insolent riot,' and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the expenses incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail; but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent petition in July, 1671, he was freed from this restraint."

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* *Domestic Annals of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo. 1858.

† One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

MRS. CHILD was born at Medford, Mass., Feb. 11, 1802. Her father, David Francis, was a baker, and was well known in New England and elsewhere as a manufacturer of a celebrated sort of biscuit called "Medford crackers." In 1824 Miss Francis published her first book, "Hobomok, an Indian Story," which attracted a good deal of attention. Later in life one of her subsequent works is dedicated to her brother, the Rev. Dr. Convers Francis, of Harvard University, "to whose early influence," she says, "I owe my early love of literature." It is to the writing of "Hobomok," in which she received his encouragement, that she here probably alludes. The Indian story was followed, the next year, by "The Rebels, a Tale of the Revolution." The scene was laid in Massachusetts, and some of the characters were the historical men of that period. The book has long been out of print, but for several years it held its place as a standard novel, the times and the events with which it dealt, the spirit in which they were treated, giving it a strong hold upon the popular esteem. A speech which, in accordance with the example of sober historians, who never write fiction, she put into the mouth of James Otis, for many years fired the patriotism of the boys of that day, and was believed by them, and many who listened to their ardent declamation, to have been the words which actually fell from the lips of that patriot. A sermon of Whitefield's was also given in this volume, and that as well as the speech was submitted to the ordeal of the New England school books, where it passed for a genuine sermon of the great preacher. In 1826 she commenced a monthly magazine, under the title of the "Juvenile Miscellany," which for 8 years was under her management. She published a cookery book, under the title of "The Frugal Housewife," which later and more ambitious publications upon the same subject have not displaced. In Oct. 1828, she was married to Mr. David Lee Child, of Massachusetts. In 1831, the "Girls' Own Book," and the "Mothers' Book," testified to the strong interest she felt in practical education. About this time the modern anti-slavery movement, which was initiated by William Lloyd Garrison, was commenced in Boston. It was a very unpopular cause, but Mrs. Child identified herself with it at the beginning, and has never faltered in what she conceived to be her duty in this respect. One of the first distinctive anti slavery books was her "Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans," in which she advocated the immediate emancipation of the blacks, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, and as in accordance with reason, expediency and an enlightened recognition of religious truth. This is her largest and most comprehensive work upon the subject of slavery; but it was followed up in subsequent years by various smaller publications of a similar character. The condition and the character of woman in various ages of the world were also considered by her in the biographies of various individuals of different ages, and in a general discussion of the subject in a work of 2 volumes. In 1836 she published "Philothea," a Grecian romance, of the time of Pericles and Aspasia. In 1841 Mrs. Child removed to New York to take charge as editor of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, a newspaper belonging to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and devoted to the dissemination of its views. She gave at once a name and character to the new paper, of which she remained editor, assisted by Mr. Child, for 2 years. In its columns she commenced a series of "Letters from New York," which, with others written subsequent to her withdrawal from the editorship of THE STANDARD, were collected into 2 volumes in 1843'-4. Since that time she has published several volumes of stories for children, a literary speciality in which she has been eminently successful. In 1853 she wrote and published the "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," a Friend, of whose family she was an inmate during her residence in New York. But her most important work of later years is the "Progress of Religious Ideas," in 3 volumes (New York, 1855). To this she has devoted many years of a thoughtful and laborious retirement, and gives in it the results of long and earnest study, and of firm and conscientious convictions. Mrs. Child is still living in Massachusetts, and is in the full vigor of a matured intellect.—*New American Cyclopedia*—*S. H. Gay.*

THE COVENANTERS' LAMENT FOR BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE men of sin prevail!
Once more the prince of this world lifts his horn:
Judah is scattered as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren? where
The good and true, the terrible and fleet?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at meat,
With whom we kneeled in prayer!

Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest!
Stern Dalzell smiles, and Clavers with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our foes rejoice;
We to the Lord, who hears their impious boasts,
We call for comfort; to the God of Hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherd; and the hand
Of wicked men is strong.

Only to thee we bow,
Our lips have drained the fury of their cup:
And the deep murmurs of our hearts go up
To heaven for vengeance now.

Avenge—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong, the blood of martyrs shed;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head;
The maiden's silent tears;

The babe's bread torn away;
The harvest blasted by the war-steed's hoof;
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof;
Judge not for these to-day!

Is not thine own dread rod
Mocked by the proud, thy holy book disdained?
Thy name blasphemed, thy temple's courts profaned?
Avenge thyself, O God!

Break Pharaoh's iron crowns;
Bind with new chains their nobles and their kings;
Wash from thy house the blood of unclean things;
And hurl their Dagon down!

Come in thine own good time!
We will abide; we have not turned from thee;
Though in a world of grief thy portion be,
Oh bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide!
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow,
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer—
On, brethren, to the mountains. Seek we there
Safe temples, quiet graves.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

From The Liberator.

THE following letter of Mr. PARKER to FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., was read to the congregation at Music Hall, on Sunday morning last (23d ult.), by Mr. PHILLIPS. Though a private letter, the wide-spread interest that is felt in Mr. PARKER'S case will justify its publication. That portion of it which relates to emancipation will be particularly interesting to our readers.

WEST END SANTA CRUZ, March 21, 1859.

FRANCIS JACKSON—*Dear Friend:* Here we all are, on one of the handsomest little islands in the world, about as big as Suffolk County, though different in shape.

We have the weather of dog-days, yet the heat is quite uniform day and night, varying commonly from 80 degrees at noon to 78 at sundown, and 76 at sunrise. I have not seen the mercury higher than 82 by day, or lower than 72 by night. The air is drier than I ever knew it in New England in the longest drought. Only at night I feel a little chill in the atmosphere, and pull a thin blanket over my shoulders.

If I don't get well here, you must make up your minds to let me go; for if the air of Santa Cruz does not help me, nothing will or can. The atmosphere is so clear that I can see the island of Porto Rico from the wharf here, though it is seventy miles off! I live out of doors all I can, but am yet too lame to walk or ride with much pleasure.

The houses are only a little piece of out doors with a roof over it. It is a queer place, this little town of one thousand inhabitants, living in (or out of) houses which have no glass and no chimneys. You would laugh to see the fuel exposed for sale; a handful of brush charcoal on a board, a few little bundles of brush, not so large as a bundle of parsnips in Boston market. You who filled up the South Cove (I wish you had made it six feet higher) would stare a little to see six men and women at work (!) repairing the highway; they hoe the earth into trays, take them on their heads, and carry them to a cart, and pitch in their contents; then three persons pull the cart, and three more push from behind, while the seventh oversees the whole concern, and walks behind till they come to the place of deposit, where they dump down the ten bushels which make the load. Carpenter-work is a sight to behold; a boy holding a board for a man to saw it, and another boy helping both by looking on. I think you would wonder at the plants and trees, not one that you ever saw before. But, what would interest you much is the condition of the colored people; so a further word on that matter. Slavery continued here until 1848, when all over the little island the blacks rose, took possession of all, except the two forts, and demanded their freedom. There were 3,000 whites and 25,000 blacks on the island. The negroes *did not shed a drop of blood* They burnt a few houses, but destroyed very little property, and took no man's life.

Imagine the consternation of the whites, who knew what *they* would do under like circumstances! The Governor declared the Negroes all free, and advised them to go back to the estates and work. Most of them did go. But soon a Spanish regiment was brought over to secure order. The Danish King confirmed the freedom of the negroes, but had a commission to inquire into the matter. See how the whites paid the blacks for their lenity. They put 400 or 500 in jail, and shot 13 in cold blood. The price of labor was fixed by law, the laborer protected in certain particulars, but still the chief protection was given to those who were best able to take care of themselves. It is always so. At present, laborers on estates are divided into three classes; first, second, third. They are thus paid: all have a hut to live in, a little patch to raise vegetables and fruits (which grow with no care), to keep a pig, poultry, &c. They all work five days a week, except certain feast days of the Lutheran Church; nine hours a day, i. e., from 7 a. m. to 12, and from 2 p. m. to 6. The third class, consisting chiefly of children, have only their support, food and clothes, which cost little. The second class has thirty cents a week, four quarts of corn meal, and four herrings. The first class has fifty cents a week, six quarts of meal, and six herrings. Such is the pay. For work in extra hours and on Saturday, they all have extra pay. Of course, in a slave country labor is despised. A poor white woman who keeps a boarding-house would feel degraded by clearing out a drawer, and so leaves it for her rich New England lodgers, who think work an honor as well as a duty. Of course, the blacks share this feeling; they did not work so much for the planters after they obtained their freedom; so the productive power of the island declined; the sugar crop of the island went down from 30 000 hogsheads to 20,000, 15,000, 12,000, 8,000, to 6,000 in this year. About half the decline must be charged (first) to the bad conduct of the owners of estates, and (second) to a long series of excessive drought, occasioned by stripping the hills of the trees which used to catch the waters of heaven, and woo them down to earth to fertilize and bless it. The other half let me put down to freedom. Suppose an average crop under slavery was 20 000 hhds., and now is 12,000; then freedom costs 4 000 hhds. sugar (that is, one-half of the difference, which is 8 000). Suppose a hogshead of sugar here worth $52 1-2; then the freedom of 25,000 men costs $250,000 a year; that is, ten dollars a-head. So much for that side of the question. Now look at the other side.

The negroes marry one man to one woman, and are about as faithful as "the rest of mankind." They wear clothes at work, and neat and tidy clothes on Sundays. They work better than before. They have learned this of late, and are improving continually in industry. They save money, and buy little houses in the town, move them, and become mechanics, traders, lumpers, &c. &c. They send their children to the free school, some of them travelling four miles for that blessed privilege. They go to meeting on Sundays, which I fear would not be worth much to you or me, but it is of a deal of service to them. They respect themselves, and are getting humanized, moralized and civilized. I think that is worth ten dollars a-head. I wish somebody would undertake to elevate the New Englanders at twice that cost. The same thing goes on here for the African which in Boston takes place with the *Irish*; a degraded people living itself up; only at Boston it has nobody to oppose it, except the Irish Catholic priest and the American political demagogue, each the worst of their kind; but has schools, ministers for the poor, benevolent societies and the like, to help on the work; while here, alas! the spirit of the white man opposes the elevation of the blacks. Yet here are noble men and women at work, seeking to uplift the fallen. Here is an Episcopal minister working mightily in their behalf, in the midst of the prejudice of "aristocracy" (for even Santa Cruz has its aristocracy as well as Boston). And here is a Catholic priest, a noble-hearted Dutchman, who has been fixed in the island of Saba but nine months, and yet has established a school for the blacks *at his own cost.* I heard of it, and made acquaintance with a man who has a religion that is humanity.

But here is the end of my paper. We all desire to be remembered to everybody. I should like to take tea with you to-night, and with the Mays besides, but you don't ask me. Yours, THEODORE PARKER.

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound
In Naples, dying for the lack of air
And sunshine, in their cold, damp cells of pain—
Where hope is not, and innocence in vain
Appeals against the torture and the chain—
Unfortunates! whose crime it was to share
Our common love of freedom, and to dare
A faithless tyrant, the most hateful thing
Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.
Oh, God most merciful! Father just and kind!
Whom man hath bound let Thy right hand unbind:
Or, if Thy purposes of good behind
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find
Strong consolations; leave them not to doubt
Thy providential care, nor yet without
The hope which all Thy attributes inspire,
That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain,
Since all who suffer for Thy truth send forth,
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, Thy own baptismal rain
Of fire and spirit over all the earth,
Making the dead in slavery live again.
Let this great hope be with them, as they lie
Shut from the light, the greenness and the sky,
From the cool waters and the pleasant breeze,
The smell of flowers, and shade of summer trees,
Bound with the felon lepers whom disease
And sins abhorred make loathsome; let them share
Pellico's faith, Foreste's strength to bear
Years of unutterable torment, stern and still
As the chained Titan, victor through his will!
Comfort them with Thy future; let them see
The day-dawn of Italian liberty,
For that, with all good things, is hid with Thee,
And, perfect in Thy thought, awaits its time to be!

—*National Era.*

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH IN IRELAND.

[A review of Jessie's Diary of the Reign of George IV., in the London *Morning News*, describes the King's visit to Ireland thus:]

THE death of the Queen, and the sullen mood into which the people of England fell, as the result of that catastrophe, drove the King to Ireland, to derive from the wild, frantic burrahs of Paddy some consolation for the ill-suppressed and dangerous mutterings of John Bull. It was a famous stroke of policy, that Irish visit, and proved very advantageous for all parties concerned. A real live King, one who looked like a King, who was ready to shake hands with anybody, who took kindly to whiskey, and who constantly wore an immense shamrock in his button-hole, soon became almost an object of worship with the susceptible West Britons. It was the little fishing village of Howth which had the honor of welcoming the first English King who had visited Ireland since the days of the Plantagenet. The gigantic fishermen, gaunt and ragged, crowded round the royal visitor as he stepped ashore, and one tremendous fellow was successful in seizing the delicate jewelled hand of his astonished sovereign. The latter stared, shrunk back, and winced, but, soon recollecting himself, smiled graciously, and, as the French say, "accepted the situation." The fisherman having given the royal hand a tremendous shake, held up his own immense grimpy paw in the air, and swore with tremendous energy that "the hand which had been shaken by the King should never be touched by soap or water to his dying day." The King was delighted, and seemed highly to appreciate the extent of sacrifice which his Irish subject was willing to make to the sentiment of loyalty. Then the people shouted, "Hurrah for Howth and your Majesty!" The King laughed heartily at this new order of precedency; and just as the carriage was driving off, one sharp fellow, more collected than the rest, bawled out, "And sure your Majesty won't forget the Window Tax." We have in the first volume an amusing description of the way in which the royal time was spent during the passage across the Channel:

"The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose pie and drinking whiskey, in which his Majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was, they were in the last stage of intoxication. However, they got him to the Park."

The Irish visit was one continued ovation. The letters teem with rapturous comments on the loyal enthusiasm of the Irish, whom we find, however, with an eye to the main chance, taking every opportunity to dispose the royal mind favorably towards the great question of Roman Catholic emancipation. The repeal of the window tax, their first petition, was obtained at once; and although emancipation was not carried until ten years after, there is no doubt but that the foundation was laid during the King's visit to Ireland.

WHO WRITES OUR SONGS?

THE musical composer who really furnishes the great majority of our songs, and whose productions have the widest popularity among the masses of our people, is known to very few of them, even by reputation. The new melodies that greet the public ear month after month, and are sung, whistled and hummed by thousands—that are thumped on piano-fortes, thrummed on banjoes, breathed on flutes, tortured into variations, and enjoy a wide, though, after all, evanescent popularity, are chiefly the product of one fertile brain—and that brain, as Mr. Micawber would say, is the brain appertaining to Mr. Stephen C. Foster. This gentleman is a native of Pittsburg, and has spent all his days there, excepting three years at Cincinnati and two at New York. He was born on the 4th of July, 1826 (the very day that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died), and is, therefore, now in his thirty-third year. His father, Mr. William B. Foster, was a Pittsburg merchant, a member of the State Legislature, afterwards a Mayor of Alleghany City, and subsequently occupied an official post under the Federal government. His oldest sister is the wife of the Rev. E. Y. Buchanan, the only brother of the President of the United States. Stephen C. Foster is the youngest of his family.

He enjoyed but limited opportunities for musical instruction, and took but few lessons. When nineteen years old he composed for a social quartette club, of which he was a member, his first successful song, the popular favorite, "Uncle Ned." It was shortly afterward sung at a public concert in Cincinnati, and received such applause that Mr. Wm. C. Peters, the music publisher in that city, requested the privilege of publishing it, which was at once granted. Mr. Foster next composed "Susanna," which was more simple in its style, and became even more popular. In a private letter, Mr. Foster writes: "I had up to this time neither received nor thought of any pecuniary remuneration for my efforts in the musical line. Imagine my delight, therefore, on receiving for my next song one hundred dollars in cash! Though this song was not successful, yet the two fifty dollar notes which I received for it had the effect of starting me in my present vocation of a song writer."

It would render this article too much like a "catalogue of popular and standard music" to give a list of Mr. Foster's songs. "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "